

The
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MUSIC LOVER

SEPTEMBER, 1936

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RECORDS

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EDITED BY PETER HUGH REED

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A REVIEW FOR THE MODERN HOME

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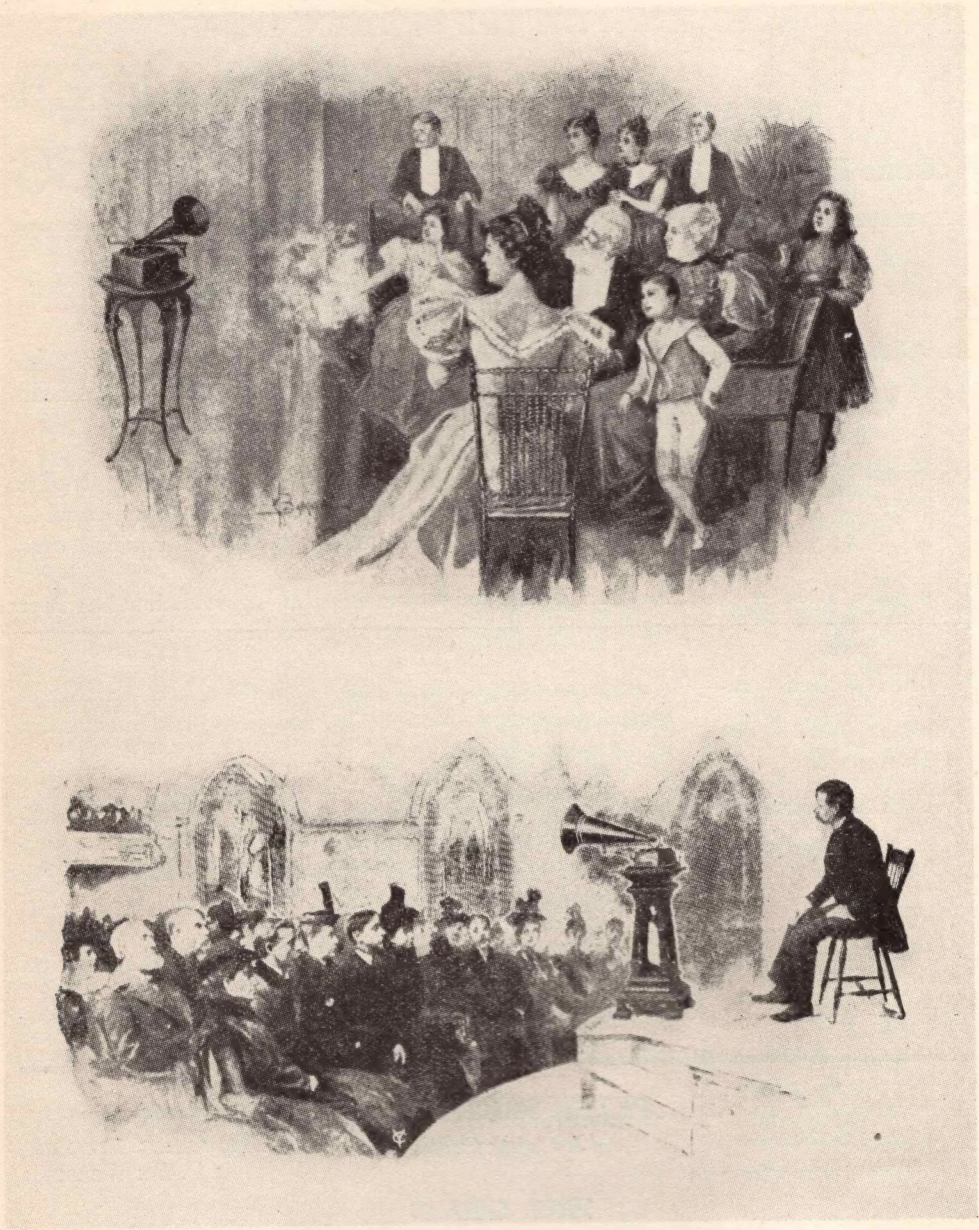
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The phonograph as artists pictured its use at the turn of the century . . .

- (1) In the home entertaining friends and the family (2) In the church substituting for a singer.

The Phonograph in 1889

(During some research work in old magazines in the New York Public Library, Mr. Philip Miller recently came across the following story of the phonograph at the beginning of its career. This story appeared in the *American Art Journal*, an old New York periodical which dealt with Music, Art, Literature and the Drama, in its issue of Saturday, April 27, 1889.)

MR. A. THEO. E. WANGEMANN came to Boston on the special mission of taking in (or on) Von Bulow's recitals, so that Edison can lay up the cylinders for use in the distant future. In kindness to outsiders Mr. Wangemann invited a few friends to inspect and test his instrument. First it repeated to us, laughter and all, the conversation finished a few minutes before we entered.

Next Mr. Wangemann talked to it a string of nonsense, ending with a whistle, all of which Mr. Phonograph repeated in our ears distinctly through the double-breasted tubes, twice or thrice,—so distinctly, that a few words I had not understood as Mr. Wangemann spoke them were clear in the instrument. From another cylinder we heard a song which Miss Hill sang there not long before, Mrs. Whitney's accompaniment being also heard. Another cylinder gave us the coda of the first movement of Goldmark's Symphony, played by Gericke's orchestra that afternoon, the applause at the end being also heard. Nay, in most cases the phonographic repetition could be partly heard without recourse to the ear tubes.

There were present H. G. Tucker, Marion Campbell, of Cleveland, and a representative of the *Daily Journal*, besides Mr. Mahan, one of the courteous gentlemen connected with the house of Chickering, for the experiments were made in Apollo Hall; and as we came away we met the members of the Listemann Quartet, whose music was to be presently phonographed.

A great future is before the Phonograph. People declare at present the cylinders cannot be duplicated, except by repeating the music or speech; but this inadequacy will not last long. Surely a machine which thus registers sounds, to give them forth again so wondrously exact, can repeat them not merely into our ears, but into another machine, for registry on another cylinder. The day will come when there will be whole libraries of these cylinders. At sewing circles a machine will rehearse Talmadge's sermon, while all the women hem. Invalids can have Dickens read to them dramatically. Lame people can hear concerts without going to them. Living authors will read to audiences far away. The roseate pictures in Bellamy's *Looking Backward* will be realized in a new form.

Mr. Wangemann says the blind comprehend the machine in a jiffy, and explain it to each other like lightning, with their usual "You see."

A second sitting with the Phonograph was equally interesting. Young Mr. Schuecker was there with his harp, seated in front of the big cornucopia, which is not needed for the Phonograph's ordinary work. Presently his lofty strains were repeated in our ears from the cylinder. It is all wonderful indeed, and was enjoyed at some private houses as well as at Apollo Hall; and the wonder is increased, when we know that the special features of the instrument, as now used, are new, and that the simplicity and compactness of the apparatus will soon make it possible for every family to have its own pet in the corner and every office to employ phonographic service.

The Opera Rossini Never Wrote

Translated from the Italian of Francesco Barberio

By ENZO ARCHETTI

(In his admirable book, *Rossini, A Study in Tragic-Comedy*, Francis Toye presents some excellent arguments and facts to dispel the popular legend that Rossini was lazy. He explains that his fault was not laziness, and further states that a review of a complete list of his works should bury that idea forever. Rossini's trouble, he contends, was an extreme sensitivity to adverse criticism. The legend, however, still persists. Francesco Barberio, in his *L'Opera che Rossini non scrisse*, published in the December, 1934 issue of *La Lettura*, related an incident which Toye failed to mention. — E. A.)

MARIE LOUISE of Bourbon, Queen of Etruria, having experienced when young, first with her husband Ludwig I and then alone as queen, the bitter tribulations of the throne, sought to placate her misery by turning to painting and music. But these arts neither quieted nor rested her tormented spirit. Her sensitive Spanish soul, instead, felt the pains and fears of the moment more readily and acutely.

The life story of this queen has not yet been written. However, it is known that Rossini's music attracted her, which is a sure sign of her good taste.

When she became Duchess of Lucca, after the Congress of Vienna — in place of her enemy Elisa Baciocchi Bonaparte — she desired that her favorite composer write a new opera to be presented at the Teatro del Giglio to celebrate the wedding of her son, Prince Carl Ludwig.

Count Ferdinand Guicciardini, at the Queen's command, commissioned Carl Carafa di Noja, of Naples, to negotiate with Rossini for the opera. Shortly afterward Carafa wrote Guicciardini of his meeting with the Master of Pesaro: "In order to assist Her Majesty in her desire, I lost not a moment in going to see him. After a long discourse, during which we took full account of his obligations, I persuaded him to promise he would write the music because he desired very much to serve Her Majesty, to whom he feels greatly indebted and for whom he has a great respect. To accomplish this I practically forced him to abandon another obligation he had for the same time."

Carafa, then, wanted details concerning the nature of the opera — whether serious, buffa, or semi-serious. The libretto he had arranged to have written in Naples on "one of the best subjects," along pre-selected lines, and "to have the poet nearby." The music was to be delivered by Rossini to Carafa on the 15th of May for him to send to Lucca. There was, therefore, nothing to worry about and only the pleasure of looking forward to knowing and applauding the new opera by the Master of Pesaro. Marie Louise and the people of Lucca were well served.

And the compensation? What compensation had Rossini requested? "We had (wrote Carafa) a long discussion on the price, after having reached an agreement, but because I wanted to have a proposition as a guide, I let him understand that I had informed myself of the prices paid in Naples, Milan, and Venice, which are 1000 piastres and board. By this means I induced him to say that he would be satisfied with 600 Roman scudi, but I hope to be able to reduce it a little more, if the libretto is not too big."

The ardent, and, in fact, zealous Carafa promised, in addition, to "spur on Rossini" in order to get the music a few days sooner.

Moreover, the zeal with which the Maestro was urged on was encouraged from Lucca and from the Countess Guicciardini, to whom Carafa sent this news on February 24, 1820: "Rossini is already at work and I hope he wants to keep his word to deliver all to me by April 15th. In the meantime, as he finishes some part, I'll send it in order that it may be studied at leisure and be easier as a

whole. The book I hope will be to Her Majesty's taste. It is an interesting and spectacular patriotic story in which is mixed a matrimony. With this I am enclosing a synopsis. We have come to an agreement with Rossini that he undertake the expense of the book and to him will be paid, 500 Roman scudi; 50 scudi for the book; and, if he comes to direct the presentation, another 50 scudi for traveling, in addition to board and lodging, which is what the Count has written me. He is disposed to come, but he has to study the most convenient means of carrying out his intention."

Carafa, however, had to write many more letters. Rossini, to use his own words, labored — but he drove Carafa to despair. He was loaded down with obligations: he didn't know which way to turn.

On June 13 he received the definite sketches of the subject and he immediately, for a change, began work. "I hope that within a few days," wrote poor Carafa, "he will give me the complete first act. To more definitely obligate him, send him 200 scudi on account, for he has informed me he would like to have them." And in another letter: "I am pleased that you have received my other two letters in which I explained what I am doing, and I assure you that the situation is enough to drive me crazy. *When geniuses are also crazy, one must have patience.*"

Rossini was, in fact, driving them crazy, because he never lived up to his word. The Master promised and then always put it off to another day. Consequently he never did anything. "Rossini says that fear has entirely killed his inspiration, but he promises that by the end of the month all will be complete. I have never known anyone who keeps his word less than he, and I assure you that after this I swear never to have anything more to do with him."

By August 1st only the first act was ready, and it was sent immediately so as to placate Marie Louise, the major-domo, and the director of spectacles. This only served to rekindle hope, to increase confusion, and to render more bitter the disillusion. Not even by September was the anxious expectation for the music of the second act placated and satisfied. Guicciardi wrote a letter of grievance filled with resentment to the unhappy Carafa who immediately went like a fury to the Maestro.

"My dear friend": he wrote back on September 12—"it pained me to read in your last letter that not a single piece of music had arrived and that all my labors have been thrown to the winds. Without changing I immediately ran to Rossini to reprove him roundly and to have him read the actual letter. He sent me the enclosed for you: I believe he wants to excuse himself. At the same time I inform you that I have succeeded in getting back the 200 scudi which had been given him and they are now in my safe keeping. In case you should decide to no longer desire the music we shall have lost nothing except a few scudi for expenses. I must tell you that I am truly unhappy. I had hoped to serve you but Rossini has shamed me."

And what did Rossini do to put off Carafa who must have, by this time, feared him as he feared the spirits of his mistresses? He gave him a letter for Guicciardini in which (he must have said) he explained everything.

"Most esteemed Signor Count:

"The letter written by you to Signor Carlo Noja, in which I was pained and surprised to read that none of the various packages of music had yet reached your hands, placed me in a most terrible situation; and that which hurt me most is the indignation of the Queen against me!

"I can swear that never have I taken greater interest in a composition, which in time you will see. Signor Carlo Noja, who, to tell the truth, never missed a day to urge me most earnestly to fulfill my duty, knows I have been ill for a long time. Besides this, which alone distracts me too much from his work, the excessive heat makes work absolutely impossible. Therefore, Signor Count, be my benefactor and place me again in the good graces of the Queen.

"I hope, now that the cooler weather approaches, in these remaining months to discharge my duty. In case my original score (I say original because the music is entirely new. This time I could not help myself with old pieces because the Queen has too keen an ear. She knows my music too well) does not arrive by the time specified for its presentation, I shall accept whatever just punishment you may impose on me. I do not ask for any compensation for a work which

(Continued on Page 138)

Ernest Chausson — A Musical Poet

By J. M. HOWARD

IN dealing with the art of Ernest Chausson, one must go quietly and listen intently. He is a stylist of nuances and delicate shades. As Mr. Reed, the editor of this magazine, has so sympathetically said: "Chausson's music is the music of a dreamer—a dreamer who would seem to have dwelt in unfrequented or lonely places of nature." Though not lacking in vitality and passion, Chausson's patterns may seem delicate and somewhat intricate for ears—impressed, let us say, by Beethoven's and Sibelius' most thunderous affirmations.

Yet to the listener who goes quietly and dreams with Chausson, his music brings exceeding joy. As subtle as Debussy, as ardent as his master Franck, he imparts much that is his own. He is a nature-poet, much closer to the green earth in his music than most Frenchmen.

Born in 1855, Ernest Amédés Chausson grew up in a gentle and sophisticated atmosphere. Acceding to his parents' wishes, he studied for the bar, was admitted, and acquired a good practise at the unsympathetic profession. He abandoned this, however, while still a young man—twenty-five—to study music at the Paris Conservatoire. Massenet and Franck were his teachers. The latter was worshiped by his talented pupil, and Chausson joined that small coterie which received so much of Franck's spirit.

Recognition Came Slowly

Chausson's road to recognition was hard. Though, in truth, he made few efforts on his own behalf, for his fortunes were not dependent on those of his music. He was wealthy, a man of the world; his life was happy, with a lovely wife and five children; his house abounded in the good things of life, fine books and paintings. It is remarkable that, without need of financial return, with such numerous divergent interests, this man was yet able to leave behind him so much beauty of his own making.

The French were long cold to his music; in fact, it was the German conductor, Artur

Nikisch, who did most for the composer's reputation. Though accusing Chausson, perhaps with some justice, of Wagnerian tendencies, the French considered him too lacking in drama. It is not true that he is deficient in this sense, but it is true that he never yields to the facile melodramatic or, for the sake of a grand climax, flings all his cards on the table. He is rapturous, not blatant. The recognition of the beauty pregnant in his restraint is slowly becoming general, now thirty-seven years after Chausson's untimely death.

It is possible, in view of his growing promise, that, had he lived, he might have matured beyond all other French composers. He died at the age of forty-four, when the bicycle upon which he was riding escaped down hill, crashing into a stone wall.

Hailed By All

When, in June, 1935, Chausson's *Symphony in B Flat Major* was released by Victor, the occasion was hailed by reviewers and record collectors as a noteworthy achievement in keeping alive music which might otherwise suffer an undeserved eclipse. Piero Coppola gives the symphony a most sympathetic treatment, but it is to be regretted that the orchestra and recording were not superlative. For such music deserves the best modern methods of reproduction, that it reach an audience which otherwise might hear it seldom or never. This is an inexplicable fact: that such a truly magnificent symphony is almost universally foreign to the repertoires of the leading orchestras. But it is not a unique instance. We should give thanks that the record manufacturers dare to venture down many lovely and secluded lanes of music where, in public concerts, orchestras decline to tread. For, there are many such lanes which are in no way tortuous and should not remain untraveled.

The *Symphony in B Flat Major* bears a close kinship to Franck's great work in *D Minor*. Both use the "cyclic" method in which the opening theme is like a river,

branching out yet returning always to itself. A unity is thus achieved, and a firm structure. In every way Chausson's music is poetic and fervent. In it is the same eloquent meditation that came freely from Franck, and for this reason will appeal to all who like the latter's work. Both men are close to the Great Spirit, Franck seeing it through the dim reaches of his organ loft, Chausson lying close to it among the green life of earth. Perhaps neither touched it, as Bach sometimes did, yet there is beauty in their striving—beauty which deserves to be perpetrated and known.

Also, I believe, in the attitudes of both Dvorak and Debussy, in different ways, there is a relationship to that of Chausson. Especially in the Debussy of *L'Après Midi d'une Faune* and *Nuages*, and the Dvorak of the *New World Symphony*.

A Romantic Spirit

Of course, Dvorak lacked the romantic imagery which caused a French critic to say of Chausson: "His was a soul from the *Round Table*, from the time of elves, of water fays, of rides through legendary forests, of love-lays, and of attachments devoid of pretense, sustained upon ardor and respect..." But in Dvorak's *New World Symphony* we feel the stirrings of young green spring, as from Chausson's *Symphony* we draw a breath of the fecund earth.

Debussy's heart, however, lay with fancies similar to those of Chausson, as exhibited in his opera *Pelléas and Mélisande*. But it was in Debussy's sensuous appreciation of nature that his mind most closely approached Chausson's.

Besides the *Symphony*, the only other recent recordings of Chausson's work released in this country are the *Concerto in D Major* for piano, violin and string quartet, made available by Victor in June, 1934, and his *Poème* for violin and orchestra, also by Victor, which appeared in March, 1934. Care and discrimination are apparent in both recordings, and they are well worth acquiring.

The *Concerto* is such as was understood by that term in the time of Mozart, and, save for the prominence of the solo violin and piano, might be called a sextet for piano and strings. The solo parts in the recording, taken by Cortot (piano) and Thibaud (violin), are handled with the utmost competence by these familiar artists, and the recording

retains all of the poetic fervour which the composer gave to his music.

The *Poème* was given equally perfect treatment at the hands of Yehudi Menuhin (violin) and an orchestra conducted by Georges Enesco. Previously we had a satisfactory recording of the work by Columbia, played by Enesco—who was later to teach Menuhin the work, with the orchestral part transcribed for piano. The original form (orchestral) is preferable, however, because of its fuller tone-coloring. The mood of the *Poème* is exalted and imaginative, with the violin describing exquisite pictures above the murmur of the orchestra. There is a melancholy flavor. As in all Chausson's work, but vividly here, he exhibits his mastery of form, his subtle



ERNEST CHAUSSON

from a picture taken shortly before
his untimely death

contours, his reserve as of passion ever imminent. Eugene Ysaye, the noted Belgian violinist, gave the first performance of the work in Paris in 1897.

It is not difficult to find in Chausson's music the "passionate humanitarianism" ascribed to him by those who knew the man. With one accord, they have called him "pure, sincere, noble, unostentatious, and loveable." Lawrence Gilman says: "Some of this fervour—much of it, perhaps—is to be discounted in any attempt at a cool and just appraisal of Chausson's personality as a man and a music-maker; yet one's conviction persists that the personality was remarkable and the artist died too soon."

"In England Now...."

Comments On a Remarkable Coincidence

By WILLIAM W. JOHNSON

THOSE of us on the Eastern side of the Atlantic who read *The American Music Lover* regularly were pleased as well as agreeably surprised to learn that in New York on July 23rd last an association of American record collectors was formed.

We were surprised because in London on July 25th—two days later—the first national association of British gramophone societies was also inaugurated.

At the moment it is not known how much these two new movements have in common, although there is something significant in the fact that their formation coincided. As Chairman of the British federation, it gives me pleasure to send greetings to our American friends, together with the wish that they may have the initial success and support that so far we have enjoyed.

What is the significance of these movements? Is the gramophone and all that it implies coming into its own in America, as it is doing over here? We are only just recovering from the grave economic crisis of 1931: during the first six months of the current year there have been increased sales not only of the better reproducing instruments, but of the better types of records. This is most encouraging.

But the federation of gramophone societies was not formed for this reason. Its inauguration fills a long-felt need. For over a quarter of a century we have had gramophone societies, but they have always worked as separate entities. Now they are to work together. In the early days they were mainly scientific and technical: today they are mainly musical. No longer are we concerned as to *how* the instruments and records produce their results, but as to what results they give artistically and musically.

In England at the present time there are some thirty societies consisting of music lovers who study recorded music. Each society has had a hard struggle during the past few years, in fact ten years ago there were

nearly twice as many of these groups. Each society still has many difficulties to contend with—difficulties that can only be satisfactorily overcome by amalgamation. Thus the new federation is working for the following objects: (1) To further interest in and extend the gramophone society movement generally; (2) To establish an information bureau and a register of gramophone societies; (3) To secure closer co-operation with the recording companies; (4) To support the establishment of a national library of gramophone records; (5) To compile a panel of lecturers who use the gramophone for purposes of illustration; (6) To encourage an interchange of visits between neighbouring societies; (7) To publish all news of societies in the monthly journal, *The Gramophone*.

In addition, visits will be arranged to recording studios and to the gramophone and record factories, and it is planned to lend records of the masterworks to societies unable to borrow them (for demonstration purposes) elsewhere. This latter service will continue only until a national library of gramophone records is formed. Moreover it is hoped in due course to set up a technical section concerned with methods of home recording for the benefit of experimenters.

The federation is entirely independent of *The Gramophone* and the recording companies, although their close cooperation has already been promised: its formation is due to the investigations made by the Gillingham (Kent) Gramophone Society during the past twelve months. A questionnaire was sent out last year to all existing societies with the object of discovering (for the first time) the precise position of the society movement, and a subsequent inquiry on the question of federation received almost unanimous support. A survey of the movement appeared in the July issue of *The Gramophone*. The Secretary of the National Federation of Gramophone Societies is Mr. S. E. Young, 15, Kingswood

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The Future of Recorded Romanticism

By CEDRIC WALLIS

THE title set forth above may not convey its full intention to those who have not followed the career of the phonograph from its earliest days. Even bearing in mind that antiquity is a comparative quality, it is rather startling to reflect that I need only hark back some eight or ten years, to find myself delving in the "moyen age" of the record world.

In those days, battle raged between two schools of opinion, who called themselves, respectively, Realists and Romantics. The Realists stood out strongly for as accurate a reproduction as possible of the actual sounds recorded, but the Romantics held that a certain sacrifice of accuracy was permissible, nay even desirable, if it induced a quality more pleasing to the ear. To a Romantic, realistic records were always "shrill" or "thin", or both. To a Realist, a romantic record would appear "woolly" or "foggy". As is so often the case, with old forgotten causes, it is now clear that both parties were strictly correct in their statements, from their several points of view!

The Main Factor

It will be argued, no doubt, by other ancients, (I mean phonographic contemporaries of my own!) that these terms of differentiation applied more to the reproducing instruments of those days than to the records, themselves. That contention is true, but records were susceptible of being definitely placed in one category or the other, and it is exclusively of records that I now wish to treat.

With the advent of the electrical process of recording, it may be said that the dispute ended. The Romantics were drummed off the battlefield. The fact was that realism, for a mere question of being able to hear a particular flute entry in a Beethoven symphony, by standing on one's head and placing the phonograph on a half-filled bucket of water to which had been added the juice of a not-

too-ripe lemon! Yes, learned professors, as well as more ordinary mortals, *did* solemnly perform that sort of rite, in those more spacious days, piously hoping to engender thereby a fruitier quality in the clarinets or an added crispness in the timpani! Anyway, it was all great fun, and one cannot resist the suspicion that electrical recording may forever have put to sleep more than a few vivid and constructive imaginations. For there really is nothing to argue about, nowadays, in records — the whole bag of tricks is so plainly beyond dispute. Eheu, fugaces, Postume, — as the professors are no doubt saying.

Realism Come To Stay

Realism, then, is in the saddle, and likely to remain there. I should be the last to deny that it can ride. Soon it will be taken completely for granted, if indeed, this has not already come to pass. Now, to be taken for granted, in the sense of being above criticism, is stagnation, albeit in its most exalted form. I believe that therein lies the romantic record's chance of staging a come-back, as they say in Hollywood.

An Englishman, Mr. P. G. Hurst, has crystallized for many of us the cult of the old record as a collector's piece, but it is not quite from his point of view that I visualize the future of obsolete, romantic recordings. No doubt the label fetish will continue to find its adherents, but it has and can have little or nothing to do with music. My present argument has, though it bows no knee to the bestriding colossus, Realism.

Play over, if you can, one of the Gerhardt-Nikisch lieder records. Realistically speaking, the resultant sound is probably not much like Gerhardt, and it is certainly very little like Nikisch. In the hard light of realism, the *Beethoven C Minor Symphony* which still adorns the English H. M. V. Historical List, bears singularly little resemblance to the Berlin Philharmonic, or for that matter, any other first class orchestra. In a word, these records are not phonographic.

Now that I have admitted so much, your modern, efficient Realist will feel more than ever justified in dismissing all our cherished Carusos and Farrars as useful only to any crank who may wish to play the boring, and in this case ineffective, role of "laudator temporis acti". But let your modern, efficient Realist hold his hand, for just one minute. While he does so, we will take a glimpse at the sister art of painting.

Why does one catch one's breath before a Madonna of Luini, or an improbable-looking bunch of sunflowers by Van Gogh? Certainly not because of the realistic accuracy with which either painter has represented his subject. The Virgin may be quite out of drawing, according to the shape of modern femininity, — her hands are probably too large, and even her face is not strikingly beautiful, as the society weeklies measure that term. As for Van Gogh, — any gardener will tell you that his sunflowers would never take a prize at any show. I agree that they wouldn't, but continue, perhaps perversely, to approve of Van Gogh's horticultural ideas, however eccentric. In a word, once again, — these pictures are not photographic!

Exclamations of horror from the numerous art-critics who read this magazine will remind us, at this juncture, that "photographic" is even a term of opprobrium, in their world. Of course it is! Masterpieces of the painters' art have a life and an aesthetic value that are quite apart from, and often outside the scope of that of their subject-matter. Of course they have.

But let us remember that there are a great many good, honest, commonsense people in the world, who don't think so, or who would not think so, but for the half-digested guidance (so-called) of one or another form of tabloid education, or that pre-Raphaelitish nightmare called culture. But this is all by the way —

Let us attempt to draw our analogy. To be phonographic is good, — but to be photographic is regrettable. Why the discrepancy? Why shouldn't the sauce that so excellently sets off the painter's goose, season equally well the record-maker's gander? There is only one answer to such a question. The record-connoisseur's standard of taste has not yet had time to mellow sufficiently and to evolve.

It is therefore the purpose of this article to suggest that many (I would not dream of

saying all) outdated recordings, by their very unrealism, have the quality which goes to make a great painting transcend its subject-matter. By this, I wish to claim for them a value which I think in time will come to be rated higher than the strictly phonographic realism of our more efficient modern recordings. When the art of the phonograph is as old as that of painting is, today, who knows what evolutionary miracles of taste may not have taken place? Where will your loves lie, then, — with the Rembrandts, or the brilliantly efficient fruits of a modern, fool-proof kodak?

(Continued from Page 133)

THE OPERA ROSSINI NEVER WROTE

By Enzo Archetti

does not arrive on time. The causes for the delay I have indicated in this letter, but without your particular aid I could never regain the Queen's favour. Two lines from you in reply can make me happy. In the meantime, believe me filled with profound esteem and respect for you.

Your servant,

G. Rossini.

P. S. I pray you to present my respects to your wife. Do not make use of it, but know that with the opera I am sending also a *Messa di Gloria* of my own composition."

Rossini was clever, with the promise of a sacred composition he knew he could touch a soft spot which would bring about the renewal of his favour with the Duchess. And so it did. Guicciardini had to answer and manifest again the benevolence of Marie Louise. This, however, did not make Rossini keep his promises: neither the music of the second act of the opera nor the Mass appeared. And poor Carafa still hovered around, always in Rossini's house.

This incident is curious and it puts Rossini's temperament in a clear light. But the music composed for the first act of the opera, this famous music — was it really new and original?

In Lucca this music was never found. Where can it be?

Record Notes and Reviews

Reviewers in this Issue: Paul Girard, Philip Miller and Peter Hugh Reed

(Records are tested on a higher-fidelity machine with frequency range from 40 to 10,000 cycles. Needles used are shadowgraph steel and chromium, thus insuring full musical response.)

ORCHESTRAL

BRUCKNER: *Scherzos* from *Symphonies* Nos. 1 and 2; played by the Berlin State Opera Orchestra, direction Fritz Zaun. Victor disc No. 11939, price \$1.50.

THE Austrian composer, Anton Bruckner, gives us a peasant jollity in his scherzos. They make merry in the simple, direct manner of the people. Some of Bruckner's most attractive qualities are supposed to be found in his scherzo movements, so we assume that is why these were chosen to be recorded. This is not a new recording, but it is a good one. We imagine its issuance was prompted by the domestic Bruckner Society.

—P. G.

* * * *

GRÉTRY (Arr. Meyrowitz): *La Rosière Républicaine* (Ballet Suite) — *Danse legere, Contredanse, Intermezzo, Rondo, Romance, Furioso, Gavotte, and Carmagnole*; played by Grand Orchestra Philharmonique of Paris, direction Selmar Meyrowitz. Two Columbia discs, 10 inch, Nos. 17067-68D, price \$2.00.

THERE are few examples of Grétry's music on records. This suite, arranged by Meyrowitz from recently discovered notes of an opera Grétry wrote during the French Revolution, was discussed at length in an article in the July issue of *The American Music Lover*. These pieces are most attractive, and representative of their day (late 18th century). The eight numbers are well contrasted in character, and offer a pleasant musical diversion. They prove that Grétry had inventive as well as melodic gifts, which accounts for his great popularity in his day. In mood, they are characteristic of the Italian opera music of the period, which is said to have influenced Grétry in his youth.

Straightforward style is requisite to a good performance of this music; and this Mey-

rowitz wisely gives us. The recording is clear and lifelike. We recommend readers to look up Mr. Reed's article, mentioned above, for the story behind this music is as interesting as the music itself.

—P. G.

* * * *

SIBELIUS: *Night-Ride and Sunrise, Opus 55*, and *The Oceanides, Opus 73*, (tone poems); played by the British Broadcasting Co. Orchestra, direction Adrian Boult. Victor set M-311, three discs, price \$5.00.

NEITHER of these works can be said to add anything definitely new to the Sibelius of the symphonies. On the other hand, they sustain and verify once again a contention I have always advanced regarding this Finnish giant—namely that he is one of the most eloquent of writers for woodwind and brass instruments.

Night-Ride and Sunrise was begun about the same time as the *Violin Concerto*, and in the same surroundings, which was a Spring sojourn in Italy. The composer did not finish the work, however, until nearly eight years later. It is in form conventional, in keeping—as Cecil Gray has said—with the type of symphonic tone poem in vogue at the turn of the century. There is no program, but the title is clearly born out in the music. A galloping, trochaic figure suggests the *Ride*, which takes up nearly half the length of the tone poem. Over the figure of the *Ride*, which the composer carries on for three hundred bars, he has placed interjections of woodwind and other instrumental effects—elaborations on two themes stated in the early part of the movement. The *Sunrise* music has been termed impressionistic. It is strangely religious in character, and suggests that the *Ride* might have been a Saturday night affair, and the *Sunrise* a Sabbath one. This later section is rich in its scoring for woodwinds and brasses, and gives us the impression—as Cecil Gray has noted—that it was inspired by an actual experience.

The Oceanides was written by invitation for a festival at Norfolk, Connecticut, in June 1914; at which time the composer came to this country to conduct his work.

The Oceanides were the three thousand daughters of Oceanus, termed by Homer the eldest Titan, god of the ocean and the original father of all things even the gods.

As in the previous work, there is no definite program, other than that conveyed by the title. The composer's genius for orchestral coloring is strikingly set forth in this score. Gray compares the sea-music of this tone-poem to that of Debussy's in *La Mer*. *The Oceanides*, he states, "is a piece of pure impressionism . . . in no sense derivative, but on the contrary as highly personal as anything he (the composer) has written." In this work he further states, Sibelius "has taken over the French Impressionist technique and—what no other composer has so far succeeded in doing—has made it entirely his own, and not merely a reflection or distortion of Debussy. He extends its scope, moreover . . . In *The Oceanides* Sibelius has explored the lower depths of the orchestra more thoroughly than any one had previously done, and implied the impressionist method of scoring to the brass instruments, thereby achieving effects of sonority hitherto unknown."

The success of this work, in my way of thinking, is its compactness; for the composer has not extended any of it in the manner of the *Ride* in *Night-Ride and Sunrise*, with the result that the thematic material hangs together better.

The performance of these tone-poems has been vitally realized by the B. B. C. Orchestra, under the direction of Dr. Boult, and the recording is most impressive.

The staff of this magazine feel justified in repeating their gratification that these two works, along with the *Violin Concerto*—recently issued, (the whole of which formed the *Sibelius Society Album No. 4*), was released in this manner, since *The American Music Lover* is not in sympathy with the issuance of important musical recordings, such as these, in exclusive Society sets.

—P. H. R.

* * * *

LIADOFF: *The Enchanted Lake*, Opus 62; played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra, direction Serge Koussevitzky. Victor disc, No. 14078, price \$2.00.

LIADOFF is best known to the record buyer for his *Eight Russian Folk Songs* for

Orchestra, Opus 58, a work as unique as it is charming.

A pupil of Rimsky-Korsakow and later a famous pedagogue himself, Liadoff wrote his best music for piano—compositions graceful and delicate in construction. *The Enchanted Lake*, one of his three fairy tales for orchestra, is characteristic of his piano music. It is an impressionistic fantasy on a fairy tale, quiet and dreamy in character. We have often wondered why it was not recorded before this, since it is music that allows the responsive listener momentarily to forget an outside world and the ordinary cares of life.

The structural design of this work is free and needs no analysis. It is a musical impression, uninvolved by any story, and quite transparent in its texture. The imaginative Koussevitzky does it justice, playing it in the manner in which it was conceived—as a dream-fantasy. The recording is clear and most effective in its retention of the glimmer of the music in its quiet moods. A little work, but one worth investigating.

—P. G.

* * * *

SMETANA: *The Bartered Bride*—*Furiant* (Arr. H. Riesenfeld); and *The Irish Washerwoman* (Traditional tune, arr. Leo Sowerby); played by Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, direction Eugene Ormandy. Victor disc, No. 1761, 10 inch, price \$1.50.

ORMANDY gives us a brilliant performance of the gay dance, known as the *Furiant*, from the second act of *The Bartered Bride*. This arrangement is somewhat dressed up for a modern orchestra, and is most thrilling and effective in reproduction particularly on a higher-fidelity instrument. *The Irish Washerwoman* is a familiar melody, which Leo Sowerby, American composer, has cleverly dressed up, says one writer, "without concealing the lady's identity."

—P. G.

* * * *

WAGNER: *A Faust Overture* (3 parts), and LOHENGRIN, *Prelude to Act 3*; played by London Philharmonic Orchestra, direction Sir Thomas Beecham. Two Columbia discs, Nos. 68593-94D, price \$3.00.

UNDOUBTEDLY many Wagnerites, who know the history of *A Faust Overture*—how it was intended by Wagner as the first section of a grand *Faust Symphony*, wish that the composer had completed that symphony. After all, there is no woman, as Lawrence Gilman has noted, nor devil

neither, in this overture, and Wagner dearly loved to compose music that glorified the eternal feminine and certainly was most successful at it. We can conjecture on how that symphony might have been formed — a slow section conceived around Marguerite (he has told us this much), or around her and Faust, a diabolic scherzo, and possibly a finale in which all three characters would be involved. Liszt did just about this, and it is not improbable that Wagner would have done so too. There are moments in the overture which make us believe that the symphony would have been most interesting, and others which leave us in doubt.

The overture dates from Wagner's destitute days in Paris in his latter twenties. The year was 1840. Liszt was the cause of the overture being reshaped and made into a work more worthy of its creator's name. Wagner was greatly displeased with its early form, and after Liszt played the work at Weimar in 1852, and subsequently wrote him a critical letter, Wagner decided to revise it. Fifteen years passed between the original form and the revision, and during this interval five of the composer's music dramas were created — *The Flying Dutchman*, *Tannhaeuser*, *Lohengrin*, *Rheingold* and *Die Walkure*. "A great deal of *The Flying Dutchman* aroma still clings to the score," Lawrence Gilman tells us, "but there is one notable exception . . . *Tristan* is there, and so is *Isolde*; yet they were not born, musically, until almost three years later. Listen to the melody played by the oboes immediately after the entrance of the second theme (the tender flute passage in F major), and you will hear the *Love Glance* motif from *Tristan and Isolde*." (This will be heard shortly after the beginning of side 2 of the recording).

As in the songs that Wagner wrote around this period, and later, we hear echoes of much of the thematic material used in various operas in this music.

Wagner prefaced the score of his *Faust* overture with the following motto, drawn from Goethe's *Faust*:

"The God that in my breast is owned
Can deeply stir the inner sources;
The God, above my powers enthroned,
He cannot change external forces.
So, by the burden of my days oppressed
Death is desired, and life a thing unblest!"

(From the Eulenberg score)

The brooding character of the opening music of the overture depicts that unhappy

Faust. Wagner said that the work was intended to convey the "*Solitary Faust*, longing, despairing, cursing . . . The feminine floats around him as an object of his longing, but not in its divine reality; and it is just this insufficient image of his longing which he destroys in his despair." The development section of the overture certainly presents the despairing, almost desperate character of the old doctor. On the other hand, the overture is built out of several themes and developed in a logical manner, and for this reason can be mentally divorced from any program if the listener prefers to accept it in this manner.



Koussevitsky — who conducts Laidoff's
THE ENCHANTED LAKE

One cannot pretend that *A Faust Overture* is great Wagner. It is a patched canvas, but it gives us an interesting slant on the early genius of the man who later wrote *Tristan and Isolde* and *Parsifal*. For the later despair of Amfortas is only the matured embodiment of the Faustian despair outlined in this early overture. Philosophical brooding should be easy to portray in music — and yet music becomes less meaningful when specific implications are involved.

Beecham plays this music superbly. He feels its depths and clearly outlines the themes and their development, and the recording is excellent. On the odd side, he gives us a fervent performance of the familiar

third act prelude from *Lohengrin*. Both Toscanini and Beecham play this music in the right spirit — as music of festivity, filled with exaltation and youthful verve. How closely their interpretations are — the interested phonophile can easily ascertain today. Such a service — the phonograph, and only the phonograph, can truthfully give.

—P. H. R.

CONCERTOS

HAYDN: *Concerto in D major, for Cello and Orchestra*; played by Emanuel Feuermann and Symphony Orchestra, direction Malcolm Sargent. Columbia set No. 262, four discs, price \$6.00.

HAYDN had true geniality, and he knew how to retain its spirit in his music. He was not subjective in the sense that Mozart was, although he knew lofty thoughts and often felt and imparted poetic depths. Haydn at his best (which means in performance also), elevates us into a world, says the English writer — Sidney Grew, “where reality is the occupying spirit (reality being permanence or totality), and makes us a part of that world. Which is to say — we are elevated into the domain of pure art.”

This cello concerto contains some of the happiest qualities of Haydn — cheerfulness, good humor, melodic grace and manly strength; but not jollity or wit, which would be foreign to the character of the solo instrument.

The cello is no easy instrument to exploit in the concerto form; yet it is one of the most gratifying if handled in the proper manner — that is, permitted consistently to sing. Like the pony in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, says Sidney Grew, the cello “wants its own way in everything, refusing to be hustled, and hating to be taken where it is not accustomed to go.”

Haydn in this work has wisely stressed the songful characteristics of the cello, and not sought to compel it to do unessential stunts simply to assist the soloist to show off.

Of the six cello concertos which Haydn wrote, this — the third, composed in 1780, seems to be the only one that has held its place in the cellist's repertoire. Some half dozen years ago, H. M. V. recorded this same work in a performance by the famous Italian cellist, Guilhermania Suggia, with John Barbirolli directing the orchestra. For some unaccountable reason, however, Victor never re-issued that recording here, although

at the time it was brought forward it was highly praised and the recording was considered good.

Feuermann understands this music, and he plays it in a forthright manner, which is the only way for a true exploitation of its geniality. This music does not need interpretation in the broadest sense of the word, it merely needs to be played with purity of tone and sympathetic regard for its sensibilities. It is essential that it be kept vital, however, and this Feuermann and Sargent, who directs the orchestra, have realized; for its manly phrases have an underlying strength which can easily be lost in a too carefree performance. Too, the consistent usage of the G string by the composer demands an artist of highest talents to keep the music from tedium or monotony.

The recording here is very happily realized, and the balance between the cello and the orchestra is good. The accompanying booklet to the set gives an adequate analysis of the concerto, which is divided in the customary three movements — an *Allegro Moderato*, an *Adagio*, and a final *Rondo*.

—P. H. R.

CHAMBER MUSIC

BEETHOVEN: *String Quartet in F major, Opus 59, No. 1 (Rasumofsky Quartet No. 1)*; played by the Roth Quartet. Columbia set No. 256, five discs, price \$7.50.

THE *F major Quartet* is full of conflict. It suggests in part an orchestral work. Bekker calls the three quartets of Opus 59, “the symphonic concerto quartets”. It is a goodly title, for this they surely are. We have often wished that someone would presume to orchestrate one of them. The result, we believe, would surprise even those who profess to be against this sort of thing.

Of the three Rasumofsky quartets, this — the *F major* — is undoubtedly the strongest. The first movement with its fine manly vigor starts out quietly, but soon develops into a stirring display of activity. Here is truly a master expression of Beethoven's so-called middle period. For the first time in quartet literature, the recapitulation section is made to seem as important as the famed development section. Here, we have a striking example of Beethoven's evolutionary — or should we say revolutionary — genius.

All four movements of this quartet are in the sonata form, which again testifies to

Beethoven's evolutionary genius. The *Allegretto vivace*, marked *Scherzo*, is made on a complicated pattern. Its qualities are a curious mixture of joy and melancholy—the one seemingly inseparable from the other. The *Adagio* is a lovely lament; and the finale is full of healthy well-being. This latter section, founded on a Russian folk-tune, has a definite drive to it, but, despite the fact that its form is that of a first movement, it does not rise to the heights of any of the earlier parts of the quartet.

The reader, interested to fit the Rasumofsky quartets into the chronological scheme of things, will find that they came between the *Fourth Piano Concerto* and the *Fourth Symphony*, and that they were written in the latter part of 1806. Beethoven's genius during that year was manifesting itself in a miraculous manner. Consider the list of works produced.

Fourth Piano Concerto
Rasumofsky Quartets
Fourth Symphony
Violin Concerto
Leonore Overture No. 3
32 Variations in C minor for piano

The blood of the Titan was assuredly athrob, and his inspiration was truly on the wing.

There has been no recording issued in this country of the *F major Quartet* since the Lener performance was brought out during the Beethoven Centennial—over eight long years ago. Hence, this should prove a welcome release. The Roths play this work with fine incisiveness and appropriate vigor. They are most successful in the opening movement in building up the drama, and their performance of the *Scherzo* is deftly chiselled. Although they attest their musicianship in the *Adagio*, they do not make us fully aware of the depths of its "sad loveliness". There is surely more emotional profundity to be found in this movement, than they give; and yet, they play the *Adagio* expressively. The recording of this work is mechanically good, and its dynamic range is generally satisfying.

—P. H. R.

* * * *

SCHUBERT: *Quintet in A major, Opus 114* (*The Trout*); played by Messrs. Onnou, Prevost, and Maas of the Pro Arte Quartet, Alfred Hobday, and Artur Schnabel. Victor set M-312, five discs, price \$10.00.

SCHUBERT'S *A major Quintet*, with its variations on his song, *The Trout*, was written during a summer sojourn in Upper Austria in 1819. The composer was particularly happy at this time. The natural beauty

of the scenery and good comradeship, (he had his friend Vogl with him), and the ability to make music as he pleased, gave him much spiritual elation. We note this in the quintet with its persistent major tonality throughout.

The *Trout Quintet* was composed at the instigation of a Styrian friend, who suggested the usage of the song as one of its movements. This movement was written rather hurriedly, and may have been added to the work; although the piano part in the last movement shows kinship to the song in some places. Prior to the quintet's first performance, Schubert—it appears—was unable to write out the score of this movement in its entirety; the string parts alone being set down while the piano part was carried in his head. A feat which proves Schubert's unusual musicianship!



FEUERMANN
who plays a Haydn Cello Concerto

The *Trout Quintet* is written somewhat in the grand manner, that is—it is brilliant and showy, but in the best sense of those words. The brilliance of the first movement, for example, is not mere ostentation, but genuinely felt effects. The pulsating life of this movement shows how much Schubert thought of himself as a part of the scheme of living things at this time. The *andante* has its Schubertian melancholic note. It has been said that its inspiration may have sprung from the Styrian landscape under the moon's soft light, for at such a time thoughts run deep like shadows and the soul is stirred by the mystery of night. The brilliance and energy of the scherzo is music of sunlight and morning activity.

NEW TWO VICTOR RECORDINGS OF SIBELIUS TONE POEMS

Few composers today enjoy greater popularity than that accorded Jean Sibelius; and no orchestral season is complete without the performance of one or more of his symphonies. In deference to this sentiment Victor records have afforded music lovers everywhere the opportunity of becoming more familiar with the expressive idiom that sets this great Finnish composer apart from his contemporaries. And NOW they go even farther!

The most recently released Victor Musical Masterpiece Set will be, for most people, an actual introduction to two monumental Sibelius compositions. They are **Night-Ride and Sunrise** and **The Oceanides**, which, due to their tremendous scoring, are not often played.

Although Sibelius himself has said that he had no program in mind, the very title **Night-Ride and Sunrise** stimulates the imagination. An interesting fea-

ture in connection with **The Oceanides** is the fact that it was written by special request for a music festival in Connecticut, and had its premiere there in 1914 under the composer's baton.

Adrian Boult's inspired reading of the music and the excellence of the recording endow the set M-311 with special significance.

The Sibelius **Violin Concerto** which, with the increased interest in the composer, has come more and more into prominence recently, has been recorded in the set M-309, by Jascha Heifetz with Sir Thomas Beecham and the London Philharmonic Orchestra. This incomparable violinist gives fullest measure of his art. The flawless technique and the marvelous tone that characterize the sincerity of his musicianship infuse the recording with a perfection that is irresistible.





THE MOST SENSATIONAL INSTRUMENT of OUR TIME *the* **R-99**

Listening to the R-99, the new Victor Electrola, is, according to an early purchaser of this amazing instrument, "like taking the cotton out of your ears." For the R-99 is the first Electrola that matches in sound reproduction the recent astounding advances in recording. In other words the R-99 is a Higher Fidelity Electrola. Many technical achievements are responsible for its superiority such as a new Dynamic Amplifier and a Feather-touch Pick-up weighing only $2\frac{1}{2}$ ounces. But the proof of this instrument is in the playing. Listen to the R-99 at your earliest convenience and **be convinced.**



Almost every singer knows Schubert's song, *The Trout*. It is a delightful little song, with a haunting lilt and a nostalgic charm which is essentially Schubertian. It is one of those songs that one is apt to find himself whistling and humming again and again. The variations on this song, which form the fourth movement of the quintet, are neither pretentious nor dramatic: the composer has not added anything of especial consequence to the theme. Instead he has been content to decorate it, to keep it rhythmically spontaneous, and merely to allow its melodic charm to speak for itself. The movement is not as important to the quintet, as the corresponding movement on the song, *Death and the Maiden*, is to the *D minor Quartet*. The finale of the *A major Quintet* is consistent to the happy ending, which was considered essential to all such music of its period; and is distinguished only by its happy spontaneity.

Much of the success of this work can be traced to the piano part, the composer has written most effectively for—what was—his own instrument. The use of two cellos here, instead of a viola and a cello, allows for deeper sonority in the strings. Schubert undoubtedly knew what effects he desired, and accordingly made the most of them.

It is nearly eight years since the release of the London String Quartet and Ethel Hobday recording of *The Trout Quintet*. It dates from the Schubert Centennial. I daresay that recording in many homes has seen its full share of playing by now, for the work is a particularly loveable one. The performance and the recording in its time was considered first rate, but today, though the performance is still a worthy one, the recording is obsolete, and sadly lacking in dynamic variation and frequency range. The Pro Artes and Schnabel have done a better job on this work, than they did, in my estimation, in the Dvorak or Schumann *Quintets*. The performance here is emotionally and tonally ingratiating; yet it lacks, upon occasion, as almost all the Pro Arte's performances do, a full intensification of the dynamics of the music. Schnabel gets more of this in the piano part. The recording is mechanically excellent, the balance between the strings and the piano being unusually good. (One wonders, when they read a sentence like the last one, whether it will hold good a few years from today. Improvements and innovations come so quickly, and that which is reproduced mechanically can become outdated so soon.)

—P. H. R.

PIANO

BEETHOVEN: *Sonata in C Minor, Opus 111* (for piano); played by Egon Petri. Columbia set No. 263, three discs, price \$5.00.

THERE is defiance in this sonata, drama of great intensity, and submission and peace. We can visualize Beethoven standing upon a high summit in the first movement, his feet planted firmly, widely apart. Above his head the elements are at war. Thunder clouds are there, but it is he who manipulates them, hurls them at will. He seemingly fashions the battle of this movement out of such elements, and makes his combat one of impressive grandeur.

Beethoven's usage of the chord of the diminished seventh is astonishing in this movement. It has force, accumulative vitality — a force, for example, that no contemporary composer was able to obtain in the exploitation of this same chord. With Beethoven, the chord is used truly to express anguish and strife, which of course was the prime reason for its usage by him and his contemporaries, but with him — particularly here — it has uncanny power and depth. Liszt later seeking to use it along similar lines defeated his purpose more often than he sustained it. Such was the difference in the genius of the two men.

Midway in the first movement, the battle seems to abate, but the creator has only rested momentarily. For soon, the subject is heard in the "darkest depths of the minor, while the first theme continues on its triumphant way until its force is spent and it dies in sheer exhaustion." The epilogue makes us wonder whether the deaf genius realized the full force of the combat that he has left behind, for his change near the end is almost anti-climactic.

The *Arietta*, which follows, is the foundation for a set of variations, in which Beethoven's imagination exceeds the ordinary limits of the piano. The difficulties of performing this movement are not to be exaggerated. The pianist has mentally to adjust these passages, and physically fit them into the scheme of things. And this is something that cannot be done in a short time. It has been said that it takes years for an artist to grow into the performance of this work. This is no exaggeration. For wrestling with its technical difficulties is not the only problem, there is the meaning of the music

to bring out; and the latter cannot take place until after one has adjusted the former.

The sonata, written five years prior to its composer's death, is a monumental work—the last one of its kind that Beethoven wrote. Its arrangement into two movements—the one combative, defiant, the other peaceful, mystical and elusive—was a master stroke. His publishers were loathe to publish it without the conventional rondo ending, but Beethoven wisely knew better. He had summed up his greatest qualities in this sonata, so he let it remain as he had written it. Anything added, he undoubtedly felt, would have been superfluous.

We go back to the *Pathétique Sonata, Opus 13*, for a parallel to the opening of *Opus 111*. In the last sonata Beethoven “stands from the outset upon heights to which the earlier work pointed,” says Bekker, and in the opening combat he creates “ascending, unison passages, unprecedented in his work since *Opus 57 (Appassionata)*.”

Petri, one of the greatest virtuosos of the keyboard now living, gives us a vital performance of this work. His power and skill as a pianist are irrefutably attested here, and so too is his extraordinary musical concentration; for he penetrates the music and reveals its inner implications. His interpretation is the result, we feel certain, of long study and deep thought. Comparison with Schnabel's version is unessential. If there is any variation in their interpretations it is to be expected, for no two pianists could possibly interpret a work of this kind with similar detailed precision and feeling. The fact that both men perform it notably prove them to be pianists of the highest intellectual as well as technical gifts, for only artists so endowed could possibly do justice to this music.

The recording is likewise vital, but here we are apt to find points for criticism since the percussive qualities of the piano are much in evidence upon occasion, and these exaggerated in reproduction upset the pianist's interpretation. Only the finest reproducing instrument will do full justice to Petri and to this recording—this we discovered in a comprehensive test. So, we recommend listeners to hear this set on a high-fidelity instrument.

—P. H. R.

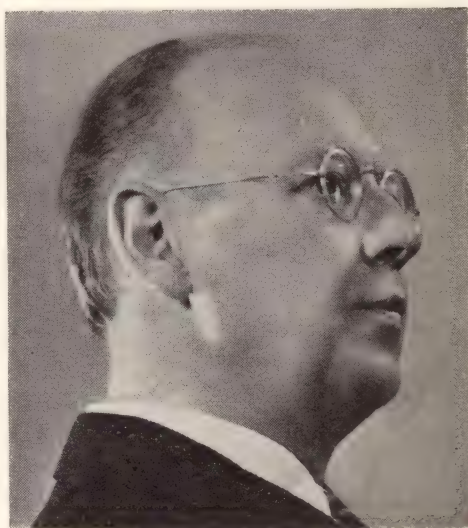
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BACH: *Two part Invention, No. 1, in C major*; *Three voice Fugue, F major* (well-tempered Clavichord, Bk. 2); *Themes and examples*; *Four voice Fugue, F minor* (Bk. 1); *Five Voice Fugue, C sharp minor* (Bk.

1); *English Suite in G minor—Gavotte and Musette, Gigue*; played by Rosalyn Tureck. Two Victor discs, Nos. 11923 and 11924, price \$1.50 each.

ROSALYN TURECK, a young Chicago artist educated at the Juilliard Graduate School in New York, and winner of the National Federation of Music Clubs and Schubert Memorial awards, made her New York debut in October, 1935. Now Victor presents her in two records devoted to works of Bach, apparently intended primarily for the Educational Catalog. It is particularly unfortunate, therefore, that the labeling is not completely accurate—the first *Two part Invention* being presented as coming from the *Well-tempered clavier*.

• Besides this *Invention* the two discs contain three complete *fugues*, some thematic demon-



EGON PETRI

who plays Beethoven's last Piano Sonata

stration, and two movements from the G minor *English Suite*. Miss Tureck shows herself beyond question a promising artist, with the gift of clarity so indispensable in the playing of Bach. Her conceptions incline toward a commendable restraint. This, however, with rather brittle recording, is responsible for a rather large dose of surface noise. She is at her best in the more rapid examples—the *Invention*, the little *F major Fugue*, and the *Gigue* from the *English Suite*. In the *Gavotte* and *Musette* she makes the fatal error of playing with “expression,” and rather slowly at that. One wishes that she could be

induced to listen to Mme. Landowska's harpsichord record of this same music. It will be interesting, too, to hear what she can do with music of other schools.

—P. M.

* * * *

FAURE: *Ballade*, Op. 19; played by Marguerite Long, piano, with Symphony Orchestra, direction of Philippe Gaubert. Two Columbia discs, Nos. 68618-68619-D, price \$3.00.

PERHAPS the outstanding characteristic of the music of Gabriel Fauré is the ability of the composer to establish a mood with the very first note of a composition. The opening of the *Violin Sonata*, Op. 13, the *C minor Piano Quartet*, and the *Requiem* are cases in point. But where in all music is there so disarmingly simple and perfect a theme as that with which the *Ballade* begins?

Though it is considered Fauré's principal symphonic work, the first performance by a major American orchestra is still to be given. Written in the composer's twentieth year, as long ago as 1881, the work foreshadows much that was to follow in the development of modern music. Joseph de Marliave tells us that the *Ballade* was inspired by the *Waldweben* in *Siegfried*. However this may be, one listens in vain for any trace of Wagnerism. Formally it stems rather from the Chopin *Ballades*, and perhaps more distantly from the Weber *Concertstueck*. Although it was composed originally for piano solo, and although Fauré's distaste for orchestrating is well known, he has succeeded in weaving here a most effective though sparing accompaniment around the solo piano. There are passages of almost unearthly loveliness, such as the return of the first melody in the violins after the second subject has been announced by the piano. This is music of subtle logic, seemingly inevitable, never striving for effect; always profoundly satisfying, yet never strongly assertive—a triumph of the art of understatement. It is music of nature—of the open air, breathing, as Cortot has said, "sweet exaltation."

The story is told, on authority which has been doubted, that Fauré, then of course a young man, was presented to Liszt by Saint-Saens. Fauré showed the *Ballade* to Liszt, who admired the work but exclaimed "It is too difficult!" Marguerite Long, in this recording, gives the lie to the famous master with a performance notable for its mastery, sensitivity and finish. Ably supported (as in

last month's Mozart *Concerto* release) by a symphony orchestra under the direction of Philippe Gaubert, her playing leaves nothing to be desired. Though recorded some years ago, the reproduction is excellent.

—P. M.

* * * *

LISZT: *St. Francis Walking on the Water*; played by Marcel Ciampi. Columbia disc, No. 68591-D, price \$1.50.

THIS year being the fiftieth anniversary of his death, considerable attention is being paid to the music of Franz Liszt. Among his supporters an effort is being made to call attention to the less familiar side of his genius—to emphasize the mystic rather than the virtuoso. The two *Legends* for piano belong to the former phase of the composer—though, to be sure, their technical difficulties are by no means negligible.

Of these two *Legends*, written in 1836, the second has especial interest. Translating into music the *Légende de St. Francois de Paule marchant sur les flots* must have had a great fascination for Liszt, because St. Francois was his patron saint. We are told that during his residence at the Villa Altenburg a drawing representing this miracle shared the honors with a Duerer engraving as the only pictures in his apartment.

Huneker has called the work "an example of picturesque and decorous program music," but certainly in 1836 it must have been a rather striking departure from the beaten path. The waves thunder and surge, but the saint goes calmly on his way. Realism had at that time attempted nothing more graphic than this.

In Marcel Ciampi the music has a capable and sympathetic interpreter. His playing has the necessary breadth and expansiveness, and his passage work is smooth and clean. The recording is up to piano standards.

—P. M.

* * * *

RACHMANINOFF: *Serenade*; and BORODIN: *Scherzo*; piano solos played by Sergei Rachmaninoff. Victor disc, No. 1762, 10 inch, price \$1.50.

THIS, we are given to understand, is the first of a series of new recordings made recently by the famous composer-pianist, Rachmaninoff. This record will prove as useful to the student as it will prove interesting to the music lover, for Rachmaninoff's com-

positions are widely admired and played. The *Serenade* is a charming trifle—an ingratiating little waltz which the pianist plays without stressing unduly its sentiment. Borodin's *Scherzo* is here made to seem musically more important than it actually is by Rachmaninoff's fine artistry. Piano tone in these recordings is good, but not superlative.

—P. G.

HARPSICHORD

COUPERIN: *Le tic toc choc, ou Les Mailloins*; DAQUIN: *La guitarre*; HANDEL: a. *Fantasia in C major*, b. *Capriccio in G minor*; PURCELL: a. *Prelude*, b. *The queen's dolour—A farewell*, c. *Hornpipe*; played by Yella Pessl, harpsichord. One 10-inch and one 12-inch Columbia disc. Nos. 1705-D and 68592-D, price \$1.00 and \$1.50.

YELLA PESSL, who made such an auspicious debut last month with her recording of the *Twelve small preludes* of Bach, continues her series of Columbia records with a selection of pieces sufficiently varied to show the emotional range of her instrument as well as her own imagination and resourceful technique. Players on the *harpsichord*, the *clavichord*, the *viola da gamba*, the *viola d'amore*, or any other of the so-called "obsolete" instruments, are rather apt to take their work very seriously indeed, and, in their laudable respect for the old masters, contrive to render their music completely dull and lifeless. This is precisely what Miss Pessl does not do. She has the humor to realize the essence of the little Couperin and Daquin selections, and the emotional restraint to capture the dignity of the *Queen's dolour* on the Purcell record.

To describe such music as this would seem like impertinence. The two Frenchmen have given us enough suggestion in their titles—though even unlabeled their intentions would be easy enough to guess. The Handel pieces, both from his third collection for harpsichord, are more pretentious, but the high spot on these discs is reached in the Purcell. Here is music which is more than simply charming—it is genuinely moving.

The selection of these pieces has been most judiciously made. As they do not duplicate the material in the various albums of harpsichord music which have been made by Mme. Landowska, they will serve to supplement these collections. Furthermore, since the Landowska sets are rather expensive, these

releases will come as an answer to the prayers of those who would like to own more than they can pay for. In any case, we can heartily commend Miss Pessl, and be thankful at last the rich field of harpsichord music is being explored by the recorders.

—P. M.

VOCAL

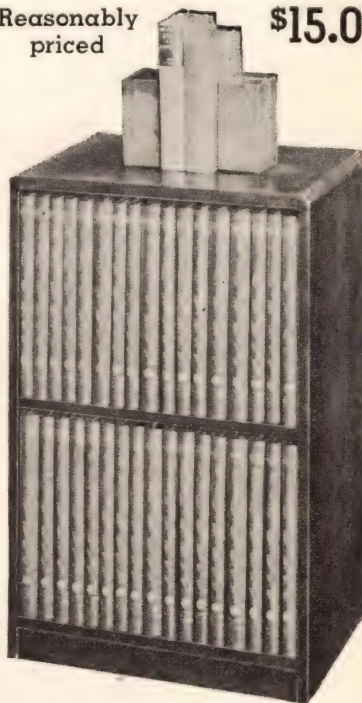
ANCIENT GREEK: *Hymn to Apollo* (transcribed by Theodore Reinach; English version by C. F. Adby Williams) sung by the Palestrina Choir with flute, direction of Nicola A. Montani; and CHINESE INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC: 1. *Ambushes everywhere*, Wei Ching Loh, pipa solo: 2.

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Dragons crossing a river, Kuo Yi Nih, ching solo with banjo; 3. *Moonlight night on the river in Spring*, Ta Tung Club Orchestra. Victor ten-inch disc, No. 24549, price 75c.

OBVIOUSLY intended for school use, this little disc presents an odd combination. The *Hymn to Apollo* is not a new recording, but has been in the catalog for some years in a coupling with two Plainsong examples. Nor is it an extraordinary good performance. Some may feel, as I do, that such a melody as this is more effective as sung by a solo voice, though obviously the intention here has been to recapture some of the supposed atmosphere of old Greece. The chorus, however, particularly the women, do not give us a perfect unison, and the result—as so often with records intended to instruct — suggests a group of singers demonstrating a musical curiosity. This is, of course, based on a wrong premise, since nothing but the best is good enough for educational purposes.

The other side is distinctly more interesting, and very probably more authentic. Here we are presented with three small samples of Chinese orientalism, demonstrating the *pipa* (a very old instrument of the guitar family, taking its name from the sound it makes), the *ching* (which sounds like a kind of cross between a mandolin, a zither and a musical saw) and a Chinese orchestra playing something resembling American dance music. A bad feature of the disc is that the needle must be lifted over the divisions between the selections.

—P. M.

* * * *

CHARLES: *Clouds*; and *Spendthrift*; sung by Gladys Swarthout (Mezzo-soprano) with Lester Hodges at the piano. Victor disc No. 4318, 10 inch, price \$1.00.

IT is good to see Gladys Swarthout's name on a red seal record. This, her first release, is not of major musical importance, but it will no doubt be appreciated by her admirers. The songs are by an American composer, known to radio audiences as a tenor singer. Ernest Charles' first song, *Clouds*, published by G. Schirmer, Inc. several years ago, has enjoyed considerable success. It is atmospheric without being pretentious. The companion song, a more recent publication, written to words by the Hindu poet, Sarojini Naidu, is not too grateful to the singer. Recording here is good.

—P. G.

CILEA: *Adriana Lecouvreur*, *Poveri fiori*; and **VERDI:** *Il Trovatore*, *Tacea la notte placida*; sung by Claudio Muzio with orchestra conducted by Molajoli. Columbia disc No. 4134, 10 inch, price \$1.00.

CILEA'S fame outside of Italy was first established by his opera, *Adriana Lecouvreur*, founded on Scribe's well-known play. This opera was first produced at Milano in 1902. The best sections of the score, that is the more lyrical ones, are said to show the genial influence of Verdi's *Falstaff*. The dramatic music of the opera is less impressive, and the arias embodying dramatic import are not too easy to sing. The present is a case in point. Although Muzio sings this aria effectively, one cannot help but feel that its tessitura is both difficult and exacting even to an accomplished vocalist.

Leonora was one of Claudio Muzio's finest roles. Hence, we wish that she had given us the great third act aria, *D'amor sull' ali rosee*, instead of this—the first act aria. Needless to say, she sings this music superbly. The recording contains the two verses of the aria, but not the *Cabaletta* which follows. Recording here is excellent.

—P. G.

* * * *

MASCAGNI: *Serenata*; and **DENZA:** *Funiculi-Funicula*; sung by Alessandro Ziliani, tenor, with orchestra. Victor disc, No. 1763, 10 inch, price \$1.50.

IT is incredible that Victor would issue this disc, for the tenor singer apparently was much indisposed on the day he recorded Mascagni's *Serenata* since most of it is sung off-pitch. His rendition of Denza's familiar song, which is generally regarded as an Italian folk-song, is sung better, although it lacks the requisite spirit without a chorus.

—P. G.

* * * *

MEHUL: *Joseph*, Act 1—*Récit. et Air de Joseph*, "Vainement Pharaon, dans sa reconnaissance;" sung by Georges Thill, tenor, with orchestra. Columbia disc, No. 4126-M, 10 inch, price \$1.00.

ETIENNE HENRI MEHUL, 1763-1817, is to us Americans an almost totally unknown composer, many of whose works might well bear reviving. This famous aria, one of the classics of the tenor operatic repertoire, is now for the first time since acoustic days represented in the domestic lists. John McCormack had a much admired recording of it years ago, but it has been long out of print.

Joseph was produced in Paris in 1807, and proved to be the crown of a varied career. The libretto, based on the familiar Bible story, was one admirably suited to the composer's special talents. Méhul had had his beginnings in the church, and had come early under the influence of Gluck, from whom he learned the secrets of noble line and eloquent simplicity. Never a warmly romantic composer, he brought to this opera a style bordering on oratorio.

The aria *Champs paternels* (it takes its title on this disc from the preceding *recitative*) occurs at the very beginning of the first act. Joseph, who had already taken a high position in the court of Pharaoh, regrets, amid all his splendor, the fields of his native land. The scene is here given complete: the *recitative* and *andante* occupy one side of the record, with the final *allegro* on the reverse.

Georges Thill, whose art is founded firmly upon musicianship and good taste, is obviously the right interpreter for such music. Those who are familiar with his magnificent Gluck recordings will know what to expect. For sustained *legato*, for intelligent phrasing and for superb diction, he has few rivals among tenors. One criticism of this recording is the amplification of the voice at the expense of the orchestra. This is of course explained by the fact that the record was made several years ago. But this one weakness will not spoil one's pleasure in the performance.

—P. M.

* * * *

SERESS: *Gloomy Sunday*; and VAN ALSTYNE: *Honey*; sung by Paul Robeson, bass with orchestra. Victor ten-inch disc, No. 25362, price, 75c.

HERE is the song everyone has been talking about, sung by one of the really magnificent voices of our times. Furthermore it is sung with such frank simplicity and directness that it becomes a genuine work of art. I doubt if this record will cause any more of the suicides for which the song is said to be responsible—for such dignified grief as this would hardly drive one to despair. There may be something a little incongruous about so typically Hungarian a tune sung to such folksy English words, but Robeson makes us forget that. I don't know how many repetitions the record will stand—and it is quite reasonable to prefer the artist in something else—but the disc has certainly a timely interest, and the price is modest.

On the reverse side is a very ordinary sentimental dinky lullaby, also glorified, but

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17067-D and 17068-D

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**LISZT: St. Francis Walking On The
Water**

68591-D

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to less purpose, by the art of this extraordinary singer.

—P. M.

* * * *

TRADITIONAL: *Sumer is icumen in*; MORLEY: *Now is the month of Maying*; MORLEY: *My bonny lass she smileth*; BYRD: *I thought that love had been a boy*; WILBYE: *Sweet honey sucking bees*; GIBBONS: *Ah dear heart*; sung by The London Madrigal Group, direction of T. B. Lawrence. Two Victor ten-inch discs, Nos. 4316 and 4317, price \$1.00 each.

THE London Madrigal Group under the direction of T. B. Lawrence made its New York debut last January. Coming with enthusiastic testimonials from no less an authority than Canon Fellowes himself, the ensemble was well received. Naturally their appearance invoked comparisons with the English Singers, who had for a decade been such a feature of our musical life in America. In general it was agreed that the new group had proved itself able to carry on the tradition, and it was welcomed accordingly.

In bringing out the first recordings of this organization Victor again forces comparison with the English Singers, for the Roycroft records made a number of years ago have remained the standard collection of discs devoted to this type of music. Needless to say the London singers have benefited by recording very superior to any the English Singers have known. That they have achieved that miracle which was the vocal blend and balance of the English Singers in their best years can hardly be said. The general vocal quality is good, though the top soprano leans toward thinness and shrillness, and the first tenor has a type of high voice which is not particularly pleasant when it stands out. For the most part, however, the voices are well matched, and the conductor obviously knows his business. The singers give the impression of having a good time, which is the essence of madrigal singing.

One can be grateful too for the selections made. Avoiding the temptation to do *The Silver Swan*, which, though a superb work does not need a new recording at present, they have given us only two numbers formerly available. The celebrated *Sumer is icumen in* justifies its inclusion by a new manner of presentation. The melody is first sung through by a solo voice, and then briefly presented as a canon. The Morley ballet, *Now is the month of Maying*, could well have given place to something else, since it was done with greater finesse by the older group. *My bonny lass she smileth*, also a ballet, and also

by Morley, is sufficiently similar to give one a biased idea of this composer's output. It had not been recorded before. The Byrd madrigal, *I thought that love had been a boy*, is charming enough though it will be necessary to read over the words to understand them. The same applies to the more serious *Ah dear heart* of Gibbons, for which, nevertheless, we can have nothing but gratitude. But the bright particular jewel of the collection, is Wilbye's *Sweet honey sucking bees*, which has spirit and sparkle, and of which the words can be understood.

These two records, then, make a very good start; but there is a vastness and richness in this repertoire which remains practically unknown to the phonophile. Familiarity is no criterion of quality—Old England is full of surprises. Then too the resources of the French, Italian and Spanish schools—not to mention the German—are suspected only by those who have taken part in this type of singing.

—P. M.

* * * *

V-SCHOMBRU (*Friday Evening Prayer—Ordination of the Sabbath*), and SCHMA-HASHKIEVENU (*Creed*). Columbia disc, No. 4132M, price \$1.00.

KIDDUSCH (*Friday Evening Prayer—Consecration of the Wine*), and ADONAI MO-LOCH (*Saturday Morning Prayer from Psalm 96*). Columbia disc, No. 4133M, price \$1.00. Sung by Ernst Wolff in Hebrew, accompanying himself at the piano.

THIS is music of a Faith, a Faith nearly as old as the religious history of man. Mr. Wolff sings these invocations with feeling and devotion. One feels certain that their religious signification as well as their implication mean much to him. And yet, the singer projects each of these old prayers in the manner of the artist who is chiefly concerned with the interpretation of a *kunstlied*.

As in his album of Franz' songs, Mr. Wolff accompanies himself at the piano. There can be no question that the singer's artistry is out of the ordinary, and that it is particularly adapted to recording, because of its intimate characteristics; yet, as in the Franz album, the singer fails completely to satisfy since he never attains a climax in the true sense of the word.

The arrangements which Mr. Wolff uses of these old traditional prayers, were made by himself. Recording here is good.

—P. H. R.

In the Popular Vein

By VAN

AAAA—*A Fine Romance*, and *A Waltz in Swing Time*. Johnny Green and his Orchestra. Brunswick 7716.

AAAA—*The Way You Look Tonight*, and *Pick Yourself Up*. Johnny Green and his Orchestra. Brunswick 7717.

AAAA—*Never Gonna Dance*, and *Bojangles of Harlem*. Johnny Green and his Orchestra. Brunswick 7718.

Once more the Astaire-Green combination proves a winning one in these three discs from the new Astaire vehicle, *Swing Time*, with tunes by Jerome Kern (to Dorothy Fields' lyrics). There is no particular point in comparing the score with those of the preceding Astaire films, all of which have been inordinately successful from a musical standpoint, but we can't help feeling that this is the finest set of songs to grace any individual picture which has yet emanated from Hollywood. While it may not possibly be the overwhelming popular smash that *Top Hat*, for instance, was, it is incomparably more distinguished and will, we believe, be more permanently popular than *Top Hat* or any other set of musical numbers to appear in recent years. Kern's vein of limpid, pure melody is in no imminent danger of running thin, judging by such entrancing tunes as *A Fine Romance* or *The Way You Look Tonight*, while such ingenious and skillful numbers as *Bojangles of Harlem* or *A Waltz in Swing Time* (the latter written more or less in collaboration with Russell Bennett) give Green excellent material with which to weave his incomparably brilliant, sparkling arrangements. The waltz, in particular, is one of the most pretentious things ever attempted on a commercial dance recording and the fact that it comes off as well as it does reflects credit upon all concerned. Astaire, of course, is as generally satisfying a vocalist as ever, while his tapping is sheer perfection, as always. These are grand recordings which deserve, and, unless I am even a worse prophet than usual, will surely receive a rousing reception from the more or less fussy folk that buy records.

* * * *

AAAA—*Did I Remember*, and *Mary Had a Little Lamb*. Tommy Dorsey and his Orchestra. Victor 25341.

Walter Donaldson has probably written more popular songs, good, bad and indifferent, during the past fifteen or twenty years than any other five songwriters. Needless to say, a fairly large portion of his output has been quite terrible, but he occasionally comes through with a thoroughly delightful tune like *Did I Remember*, which is only too appropriately titled, by the way, since it seems to remind you of a dozen other tunes when you first hear it,

yet you cannot, for the life of you, think of their identity. Thus, its reminiscent quality is intriguing rather than annoying. Tommy Dorsey plays a chorus of it as a trombone solo and once more treats us to the most incredibly lovely, velvety trombone tone in existence. The reverse is in swing tempo, and while it is a grand job of its sort, it seems a singularly inappropriate coupling. So many who like the saccharine romance of *Did I Remember* won't care for the noisy *Mary Had a Little Lamb*, and vice versa.



The inimitable "Fats" Waller

AAA—*Until Today*, and *Without a Shadow of a Doubt*. Nat Brandwynne and his Orchestra. Brunswick 7712.

Brandwynne and his band are coming up very fast and should take their place as the class of the society type of band, of which Duchin has been the primary exponent up until now. Brandwynne seems to us far superior to Duchin in all respects, granted that his work is strongly influenced by Eddy, and when he does land, we believe he will land even more solidly than his popular predecessor. Of the two numbers here, *Without a Shadow of a Doubt* is the more attractive, being a product of that talented colored songwriter, J. C. Johnson. Buddy Clark does the vocals on both sides.

AA—*Wabash Blues*, and (a) *Linger Awhile* (b) *Stumbling*. Music in the Russ Morgan manner. Brunswick 7704.

These are amusing resuscitations of a trio of old-timers. *Wabash Blues* is a practically ideal choice to show off Russ and his "slip horn" technique on the trombone, and is one of the best of the older blues anyway, so it makes an attractive and welcome recording. The other two are of less consequence, but you'll probably get a kick out of recalling way back when Zeb Confrey's *Stumbling* seemed the height of rhythmic intricacy and daring.

AAA—*A Star Fell Out of Heaven*, and *Me and the Moon*. Hal Kemp and his Orchestra. Brunswick 7707.

That Kemp is maintaining his high popularity, particularly with Joe College and his girl friend, is amply evidenced by his very successful engagement at the Astor Roof. It is a popularity which we have never quite been able to fathom, since his band seems to possess none of the qualities which the more potent box-office bands claim. Overly tricky arrangements, a none-too-compelling rhythm and rather mediocre vocalists have apparently not militated against the success of this group and the record in question is a typical example of their work. The Gordon-Revel *A Star Fell Out of Heaven* looks like a comer and the Kemp treatment makes good listening if not, to our mind, good dancing.

AAAA—Bix Beiderbecke Memorial Album issued by Victor. Selected artists. 6 records. Price \$5.00.

Taking precedence, as it inevitably must, over all other releases of the month in this group is the warmly anticipated "Bix" album, which Victor with rare foresight and acumen has brought out in advance of another possible folio, of a similar character, from a rival concern. These records are all second masters of discs which were released from five to eight years ago and, of course, contain choruses by Bix and others which were never before heard on records. Whiteman's *Louisiana and San*, Carmichael's *Barnacle Bill*, Bix's own *Deep Down South*, and eight other recordings, all with choruses by Bix, are gathered here in an attractive album and graced with a booklet by Warren Scholl which is a veritable mine of information for the student of early *swingiana*. Particularly adroit is Mr. Scholl in unraveling the intricacies of the constantly shifting personnel of the Whiteman band in its heyday and those who would know who played on what will find delight and satisfaction in this lengthy and fascinating brochure. And once more is it worth emphasizing how thoroughly excellent the work of Bix in particular continues to sound when judged by 1936 standards. As one of the foremost pioneers in what may well develop into America's most vital art form, he well deserves whatever belated honors his admirers see fit to bestow upon him.

AAA—*Paswonky*, and *Black Raspberry Jam*. "Fats" Waller and his Rhythm. Victor 25359.

Those who are beguiled by Waller's heroic feats at the piano may easily lose sight of the fact that Waller is, or was, a songwriter of no mean pretensions, with some of the biggest hits of the last decade to his credit. While neither of these little matters are, or possibly could ever be, song hits in the

ordinary sense of the word, they are something very much better, thoroughly outlandish and hilarious conceptions of Waller's which he projects with a furious *élan* and a complete disregard for life or limb. Whatever the inimitable "Fats" handles is a sheer delight but in these preposterous creations of his very own, he is incomparable.

AA—*You're Not the Kind*, and *Organ Grinder's Swing*. Hudson-De Lange Orchestra. Brunswick 7656.

A release of some months back, not reviewed at the time, but building up into one of the most popular discs of the year, partly through the potent qualities of *You're Not the Kind* as a song hit for the long pull and partly through the unaccountable appeal of *Organ Grinder's Swing*. This latter is built upon that hackneyed phrase which cannot be adequately described here without recourse to musical notation but which has been used in countless records before, but never thematically. Anyhow, Will Hudson makes a rather plaintive thing of it, which you can't help liking in spite of yourself, and there is one more addition to the list of freak hits.

(Continued from Page 136)

"IN ENGLAND NOW"

Villas, Gillingham, Kent, England, who will be pleased to hear from American enthusiasts.

We in England will follow with interest the new American Record Collectors' Association, a group which is avowedly not working for the same ends as we are, but which appears to resemble our National Gramophonic Society, now in its twelfth year of existence. However the fact that new movements are springing up in the old World as well as the New seems to indicate that the heyday of the gramophone is still to come.

CORRESPONDENCE

The American Music Lover,
New York City.
Gentlemen:

"Van"'s remark about "Bali-Bali" makes me wonder if he ever tries to dance to the records he reviews. I have found that when he says a record is good, it is no good to dance to, and vice versa. Dance music is meant to be danced to, as such it may have to be simple, moronic, or what you will, but it must be such that ordinary dancers will find it good dance music. It is not intended to be listened to.

You devote too much space to swing, which is merely a combination of exhibitionism and the negro influence.

Yours truly,

F. M.

New York City, N. Y., August 5th, 1936.

A Broadside to Broadcasters

From an Ardent Phonophile

By R. W. SNYDER

I ASKED the editor of a daily paper why he didn't have his music critic review records (it turned out that they had just decided to do so). In my letter I referred rather caustically to the radio, and in reply, the music critic, who handled the radio copy for the paper, made his apologia for the radio as follows:

"I was probably less of a 'radiophile' than you when I first began these advance tips to readers on coming broadcasts. But following the schedules from day to day over a period of months, one grows rather amazed at the comparative wealth of worthwhile and seldom heard music being presented on the air. Much of it is unavailable, to be sure, for reasons of daylight hours, distance and poor reception, but it's there, nevertheless, for someone!"

There you have it. A man who is paid (not over-handsomely, one imagines) to do it, analyzes radio programs over a period of months, and as a result of this minute analysis, is able to determine that there *are* some worthwhile presentations on the air. But even much of that is non-existent for any given individual, he admits, although theoretically it's there for someone. (I've heard there is gold in sea water, too.)

Wait. There is another paragraph: "However, I am entirely in accord with your opinion of the incomparable satisfaction of a good collection of discs and a quiet evening at home. The combination is my idea of heaven in a musically barren Middle West."

The foregoing is a sort of preface to my essay proper, which is "straight from the heart", except where I toned down the first draft.

Radio has many deficiencies. But it has no lack of self-assured blah. Listen to the announcer announcing the next number on the Smoked Window Glass program: "That most famous of Nevin's songs, a song loved by millions, 'The Rosary', in a special radio arrangement for Simple Simon's Double Sextet of Pied Crooners", as though he were tell-

ing me something; well, one gets tired cruising the dials looking for something reasonably sane. Even in a chamber music program the other day I heard the announcer refer to the name of Schubert's "Death and the Maiden" quartet as "slightly mysterious". Oh boys, why don't you grow up?

As a matter of fact the radio is more inaccessible to me than a Timbuctoo record list. Some day those Timbuctoo records *may* be repressed here, and I might then acquire one of them for my shelf. But if there is any thing good on any day's radio program, nine chances out of ten it comes during the hours when I am sitting behind a desk in an office where radios don't penetrate. These are the hours which radio has a hard time selling to advertisers. So radio fills in with a little high-brow stuff. So no-one can say it isn't trying to uplift its dear public. Evening hours, though, are too valuable to waste on such noble motives. Evening programs must have what it takes to make 'em listen, "em" being average and below-average "normal" American morons.

Snobbish? No. Only self-respecting. Who except a moron could stand to have his ears beat upon hour after hour with the pandemonium ordinarily issuing from the radio?

I haven't time to be bothered with the radio? I don't mind saving a date for a concert "in the flesh". Concerts have a thrill of their own in addition to the music. But I refuse to rummage through radio schedules trying to keep track of possible good programs in advance. Half the time I find I have forgotten to tune in on something I made a mental note on. Gone forever. (Consolation: Probably three-fourths of the "good" program was tripe, anyway.)

That very "consolation" is another blot on radio. Too much of what "good stuff" there is, is scattered a piece on this program, one in that program, and so on. To get the good, one has to endure a lot of second-rate (including, as before mentioned, the announcer).

I've given up, quite trying, ceased to be interested.

Perhaps I'm wrong. Perhaps I should ask the boss to let me off early so I can get home to hear fifteen minutes of two excerpts of chamber music. Perhaps I should make a little vest pocket reminder of the better (i. e., less awful) programs, and when Jim and Sally invite us over for bridge on Tuesday evening, consult my tickler, and say, "Sorry, old man, big radio program that night—Biddett's going to sing Ol' Man River and Wotan's Abschied. Can't you make it Friday—wait a minute, that's when Baldwin plays Guitarre on the Corn Silk Tobacco quarter hour . . . Oh, you promise to stop the game and turn the radio on for Biddett. Fine! It's a date."

Undoubtedly, one of us is crazy—I mean radio or I—and I say it is not I.

I'll take the old turn-table and a few discs of what I want when I want it (an old saw with teeth), with the aerial as a sort of standby for emergencies. After all I would hate to miss the Sunday afternoon programs in the winter.

Is this a non-constructive tirade? Well, radio is as grown-up as I am (that is, the men who run it are). A half-dozen years ago radio had the same chance with me that the phonograph had. Radio muffed its chance. I honestly don't know how it could get me back to the tingling and explorative state of mind that I had when I first got a radio. It could have fed me enough of the real thing to keep me interested, but it spewed forth cheapness in such clouds that I was suffocated trying to hang on for the few breaths of freshness here and there. It wore me out, and now I'm indifferent. I don't care how it solves its problems. It may perform a miracle and clean itself, in which case I may tune in again. And then again I may not, if I get rich enough to acquire half the record sets I really want.

That's how I feel. But I might add a sort of philosophical theorem I have thought about. It may pass as "constructive". To my mind, radio stands between "live" concerts on the one hand, and phonograph reproductions on the other, and is inherently subject to the faults of both, while possessing the virtues of neither. The concert has the fault of evanescence, and the virtue of "actuality", which offers secondary aids to hearers in recapturing its vanished beauty long afterward. The phonograph has the weakness of unreality—it is only sound emanating from a box; but it has the virtue of repetitiveness.

And this virtue, for many people, more than offsets its weakness, and indeed, more than matches the virtue of the concert. But the radio has both weaknesses: it is only sound from a box, and when the sound is gone, it is gone forever (except for very exceptional listeners); and it has neither of the points of strength: no aids to help the hearer store up his experience, and no possibility of repetition.

FROM OUR MAIL BAG

Mr. Julian Morton Moses,
c/o The American Music Lover
Dear Mr. Moses:

De Lucia always seems to cause a controversy every time his name is mentioned. Yes, even though he has been dead for years—it's worse than all the fuss about Mary of Scotland!

But I'm not going to argue with you about his singing; it's your unexpected preference for his Phonotype records that puzzles me. I have never heard one of the latter, but I have a number of his HMV recordings and it seems to me that you have under-rated (sp!) their artistic and mechanical merits a good deal. Certainly your opinion is exactly the opposite of that held by most collectors. Of course P. G. Hurst would laugh at you, but we would have to discount that because he pretends not to be interested in anything unless it was made in the 1902-1907 era. Nevertheless I would like to know just what percentage of the record collectors agree with you on the superiority of the Phonotypes.

Do you know of anyone who has a complete, or almost complete collection of the Pol Plancon records? I have about twenty-five of them at present, and I am very anxious to learn something about those I have still to own. I have a complete list of his records, so it is only information regarding the artistic qualities of certain ones that I want.

While you are still on the subject of Fonotipia records, I hope you will deal with Bonci. But after that, PLEASE don't talk so much about them—it's too tantalizing! They seem to be terribly hard to obtain.

Best wishes,

STEPHEN B. FASSETT.

"Greycourt", West Falmouth, Mass., Aug. 20th, 1936.

The AMERICAN RECORD COLLECTORS' ASS'N.

We are gratified to note the interest in the formation of a society, the purpose of which is to bring out old and new recordings. The aims of the *Association* will be announced in a circular to be sent out early in October. In the meantime, please tell your friends about this organization, and have them write us if they are interested.

THE AMERICAN RECORD COLLECTORS'
ASSOCIATION

12 East 22nd St., New York City

Record Collector's Corner

The BEL CANTO of Battistini

By JULIAN MORTON MOSES

SO many singers of the past have attested to the superiority of Italian voice production and training that it has long since been accepted as fact. Yet it remained for only one artist of the period which we record collectors like to regard as "The Golden Age of Opera" to so manifest the preeminence of the school of *bel canto* as to earn the distinguished title of *Gloria d'Italia*. That man was MATTIA BATTISTINI.

Born in 1857, this most envied of baritones was still enthralling audiences with his incomparable vocal poise over seventy years later! Not that he possessed the most stentorian of organs or even the most luscious. But rather that his voice of more than adequate range and sweetness and volume was amenable to an intelligence of dramatic and particularly musical significance rare in that lustrous day and almost non-existent in our own.

There are people who can make a major scale sound important and Battistini was certainly one of them. As was said of De Lucia last month, the most trite, sentimental phrase becomes in his hands, or rather vocal chords, a thing of fetching beauty. It was for singers like this that Donizetti wrote his tragic operas and why, because of the lack of such artists, these operas are scorned today by ill-read and insensitive critics. True, nothing this sad composer wrote quite compares with his lilting *L'Elisir d'Amore* and especially his entrancingly buoyant *Don Pasquale*. But listen, if you will to Battistini's rendition of the aria, *Ah! non avea più lagrime* from the quite unknown *Maria di Rudenz* and be convinced that the supposed dramatic superiority of Bellini, in the vocal line anyway, is another of these half-baked prejudicial comments handed down by Wagner and spread around by his avid disciples who occupy nine-tenths of the writing positions in the realm of music though they fail to be of much importance in the more truly musical ones.

Realize from this same recording that you are confronted with the phenomenon of a sixty-four year old voice capable at the same time of the most poignant yet simple dramatic utterance and, because of the perfect vocal placement, of the most delicate yet florid musical phrases. It is part of this man's claim upon our attention and even our devotion that his record of 1921 should be every bit as good as those of his phonographic début in 1903.

From a collecting standpoint, of course, these earliest of his records which come from Warsaw and comprise eleven selections including the duet, *'Ah! e' alto ardor'* from *La Favorita* with the contralto CARTOMINI (G & T No. 54034) are the most coveted of the 125 or so he made for the Gramophone and Typewriter Company, later known as *His Master's Voice*. The next group of recordings is the Milan 1907 issue which includes nine soli and five

concerted pieces, four of which are from Verdi's *Ernani* and reveal to perfection his great *Don Carlos* (the duet, *Vieni meco* (G & T No. 054106) in which the soprano, EMILIA CORSI, is completely inaudible, and the chorus unfortunately not so inaudible, contains one of the smoothest bits of legato singing on records.)

In the years 1911 to 1913, Battistini recorded well over fifty operatic and concert selections including several duets with the soprani MOSCISCA and BARBIERI. With the former was made an outstanding *Pura siccome un angelo* from *La Traviata* which, though labeled this way, actually begins earlier. This is at least preferable to the other common habit of labeling the record with some words fifty bars before its actual start. Finally, in 1921 and shortly after, this noteworthy recording career was completed with about twenty discs, many of the same calibre as those mentioned above.

In the United States, VICTOR was quick to realize the value of Battistini though Americans are not so partial to singers who do not deign to come here. Among the early Monarch 5000 series were several of his selections, one of which, the *Largo al factotum* from *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* (G & T No. 52671, Victor No. 5115, later No. 91055) is being issued this month as an historical repressing by the *International Record Collectors' Club* of Bridgeport, Conn. Likewise, many of the 1907 issue became part of the Victor 92000 series, and those dating from 1911-1913 a part of the 88300s (by this time, Victor had stopped giving imported recordings a special series number). In 1921, eight soli became Nos. 87338-9 and 88649-54 and two years later, were coupled on Nos. 540 and 6044-46. (The noted *Maria di Rudenz* aria may be found on No. 88654 or 6046B).

It should be observed here that one selection, the *Ernani* concertato, *O sommo Carlo* (G & T No. 054107) was first numbered by Victor as No. 92046 and later changed in 1919 to No. 89135. This latter number was also used for the 1921 re-recording with different artists (HMV No. 2-054118) which is also the one to be found on one side of No. 8037. This practice of using numbers over and over again is not the least factor in making record collecting an esoteric indulgence. It does, in itself, constitute a fascinating sort of mystical mathematics and will probably never be entirely solved though a modest step in this direction has recently been taken and may be followed by others from the same source.

Two typographical errors in last month's article must be corrected here: The duet, from *Les Pêcheurs de Perles* was coupled by VICTOR on No. 8058 (not 8050) and had previously borne the single faced No. 89147 (not 88147). At least its earliest number here was given correctly as No. 92054.

Swing Music Notes

Harry Sultan Recalls the Old Days

By ENZO ARCHETTI

IN the July issue we announced the proposed Bix Beiderbecke album which was being planned by Victor. The album is now a fact. Enclosed in a tan album with all the dignity of a Beethoven Symphony, with a fine descriptive and analytic booklet written by Warren Scholl, are six ten inch records on which are engraved the art of the great Bix. The labels read *Paul Whiteman's Orchestra* but those who know the part Bix played in this organization will know what to expect. A mere perusal of the titles may give one the impression that this album is only a reissue of previously released discs. That is not the case. In as many instances as possible masters were chosen from which no records had ever been issued so that this album will be absolutely new to many.

In the previous announcement only the titles of five of the records were named. The sixth was undecided but fortunately some more masters were found. The additional titles are *Changes* and *Bessie Couldn't Help It*.

Victor and Mr. Scholl are to be congratulated for this issue will receive the support it deserves if only to encourage the major record companies to continue to accord swing the place it deserves in music.

It is rumored that Louis Armstrong has recorded seven sides with Jimmy Dorsey's Orchestra—for Decca. This is something to look forward to—especially now that Jimmy's band has improved so greatly. Armstrong's recent releases have been, to put it kindly, mediocre. Let us hope that the Decca surfaces will be better in these records.

Red Norvo has recorded his first disc with his new orchestra. Brunswick will shortly issue *I Know That You Know* and *Porter's Love Song to a Chambermaid*. The exciting feature of this disc is Mildred Bailey's singing.

The new Criterion Theatre which is now being built on Times Square is being planned as a rival to the Paramount Theatre across the way. It will feature name bands in stage shows in much the same way the Paramount is now presenting its shows.

Joe Sullivan, the ace pianist, has joined Bob Crosby's Orchestra. The Crosby Orchestra will shortly be replaced in its hotel spot in New York by Art Shaw and his new style music. Art Shaw, it will be remembered, is the man who introduced the classic string quartet into the jazz orchestra and proved it could swing.

Pee Wee Erwin, Nate Kazebier, and Dick Clark have left Benny Goodman's band. It was also rumored that Gene Krupa was leaving but up to the present time he is still with the band. Goodman's band is now in California at work on a picture and at the same time giving the West Coast a taste of real swing.

One of the most pleasant ways to spend a summer afternoon is to drop in to see Mr. Harry Sultan, of Sultan's Record Shop on East 23rd Street, when he is in a reminiscent mood. There, in his cool store, away from the heat of New York's pavements, he will relax with his more intimate friends and customers and tell of "way back when . . ." For Harry Sultan, in spite of his youthful appearance, is an old timer in the record field. On this particularly hot August afternoon we both felt a little lazy and dreamy. Surrounded by shelves well filled with discs, he puffing on a big black cigar, we chatted about the latest releases, the Saturday Night Swing Sessions on the air, and other things. Something we said reminded him of Harlem many years back before it was invaded by the whites and outsiders. "It was then strictly an individual locality," he said. "It had its own artists and hot jazz orchestras. The big names in negro jazz had not yet penetrated there. Armstrong, Hines, and others were still unknown because the real center of hot jazz then was not New York but Chicago. The only non-Harlem orchestra whose fame had crossed the Harlem borders was King Oliver's. Fletcher Henderson was the hero of Harlem. His orchestra was tops. Henderson had several orchestras, some for recording purposes. One of his best groups was Henderson's Hot Six which recorded for Columbia and Gennett. Henderson discovered Ethel Waters at this time and gave her her first chance in a show called "Black Swan Troubadours." The first records she made were for Paramount, which were released under the Black Swan label. Her disc of *Shake That Thing* was such a tremendous success that Columbia angled for her art and finally signed her up. She remade *Shake That Thing* for Columbia and it was just as big a success under that label. It was probably the only instance in recording history when a number was re-recorded for a rival company and proved a hit for that company, too.

"One of the most sensational negro orchestras in Harlem was Lieutenant Jim Europe's. His jazz was decidedly different. It was a military-march-like jazz. His orchestra was made up entirely of brass instruments, except for the rhythm, of course. During the World War this band went to France with a colored regiment. When it returned it became a popular society orchestra. Europe was murdered by a member of his orchestra during a brawl. The career of the orchestra ended there.

"In Jim Europe's Orchestra there was a young pianist and vocalist named Noble Sissle. After the breakup of Europe's orchestra Sissle collaborated with Eubie Blake, who had one of the most popular society orchestras of that day, in writing the show *Runnin' Wild*. This was long before the *Hot Choculates* days. Sissle now has a popular society orchestra of his own.

"The reputation of orchestras in those days was not based on the impression they made by their personal appearances. Most Harlemites could not afford to go where the orchestra played. The Lafayette Theatre was then the only theatre in Harlem they could attend to hear their favorites. That was before the days of the Apollo. Records were the chief means of supplying music for Harlem.

"When the Cotton Club opened in Harlem it was the finest club of its type in New York. William's Cotton Club Orchestra which opened it was one of the best large negro orchestras. There was a sweet cornet player in it who has never been equalled by anyone in my opinion. But I can't remember his name.

"There was no such thing as *Fats Waller and his Orchestra* then. He was an organist at the Lincoln Theatre. His only claim to fame was his ability to play *St. Louis Blues* hot on the organ. Ellington then had a six piece outfit at the Everglades. He built it up and gradually pushed to the front. Henderson, Armstrong, and Ellington were tops in Harlem.

"I remember vividly when Cab Calloway made his first records. I was then a salesman for the American Record Company. I heard the test of Calloway's first record—"Sweet Jennie Lee." It was made with a pick-up band and Cab tried some of the vocal fireworks for which he is now so well known. He was lousy! The other salesman and I voted it out but Frank Hennig, who was the recording manager, had faith in Cab. He released the record—and it immediately became a best seller."

Then we decided to call it a day.

RADIO NOTES

Sept. 4—The return of Harry Frankel as SINGIN' SAM, The Barbasol Man. NBC-Blue Network, Fridays from 8:15 to 8:30 P.M., EDST, and Mondays from 10:00 to 10:15 P.M.

Sept. 4—DEATH VALLEY DAYS:—The popular series of true dramas of pioneer life in and about Death Valley, as told by the Old Ranger, will switch from Thursdays to Fridays NBC-Blue Network, 8:30 to 9:00 P.M., EDST.

Sept. 6—Marion Talley. The concert soprano is to be heard on Sundays instead of Fridays in a half hour recital, instead of fifteen minutes. Josef Koestner will still conduct the orchestra behind the singer. NBC-Red Network, Sundays 5:00 to 5:30 P.M., EDST.

Sept. 8—THE PACKARD HOUR. A new program starring Fred Astaire with Johnny Green and his Orchestra. NBC-Red Network, Tuesdays 9:30 to 10:30 P.M., EDST.

Sept. 13—ECHOES OF NEW YORK TOWN. The return of the series of dramatizations of New York City history with noted musical artists. NBC-WJZ Network, Sundays 6:00 to 7:00 P.M., EDST.

Sept. 13—GENERAL MOTORS CONCERT. The return to the air of one of radio's most important symphonic concerts. NBC-Red Network, Sundays 10:00 to 11:00 P.M., EDST.

Sept. 15—THE GENERAL SHOE CORP.—sponsoring a half hour series featuring a different popular dance band each week. NBC-Blue Network, Tuesdays 10:30 to 11:00 P.M., EDST.

Sept. 20—CHASE AND SANBORN will present a new feature in place of Major Bowes' Amateur Hour, NBC-RED Network, Sundays 8:00 to 9:00 P.M., EDST.

Sept. 28—Helen Hayes. Return of the celebrated actress in a new dramatic series, NBC-Blue Network, Mondays 8:00 to 8:30 P.M., EDST.

* * * *

Broadcasting has drawn an increasing audience of serious piano music lovers, says Frederick Bethel, manager of the music division of the Columbia Broadcasting System. In the success of two outstanding CBS piano recital series he has found strong indications of interest and appreciation. They are Alexander Semmler's Beethoven sonata cycle and the "Conversation Recitals" of E. Robert Schmitz. Each broadcast has brought more listener mail. Some checked the pianist for accuracy. Others wrote to praise him. All writers expressed enthusiasm and favor.

Semmler is now in Europe on a concert tour. He was born in Dortmund, Germany, in 1900 and studied music at the Dortmund Conservatory under Gustav Jenner who was the only pupil of Brahms. He made his first concert appearance at 14 and came to the United States in 1923. In addition to his weekly piano recitals which will be continued over CBS upon his return September 13, Semmler plays regularly with the Columbia Symphony and Concert orchestras.

E. Robert Schmitz combines classical music with commentaries on the lives of famous composers. He was educated by private tutors until he entered the Paris National Conservatory of Music, from which he was graduated in 1910 with highest honors. He has toured the world many times on the concert stage and has appeared with the New York Philharmonic-Symphony, the Boston Symphony, the Philadelphia Symphony and many other celebrated orchestras. Schmitz' recitals will be continued over CBS weekly beginning September 21. During his absence this summer, his program period is being given over to the guest appearances of such pianists as Mme. Lydia Hoffmann-Behrendt, Jacques Jolas, Muriel Kerr, Grace Castagnetta and William Harms.

THE RECORD COLLECTOR'S GUIDE

to

AMERICAN CELEBRITY DISCS
1902 — 1912

Caruso, De Reszke, Nordica, etc.

by

JULIAN MORTON MOSES

"Mr. Moses set himself no easy task and many will find the results invaluable."

Compton Pakenham, N. Y. Times.

"Collectors may rest assured that the work has been well and truly done."

P. G. Hurst, The Gramophone.

Price: One Dollar

CONCERT BUREAU

College of the City of New York
CONVENT AVENUE NEW YORK

Don Voorhees, well-known conductor, recently inaugurated a new cycle of programs showing the development of orchestral music on "Cavalcade of America—in Music"—Wednesdays 8:00 to 8:30 P.M., EDST, on the WABC-Columbia network.

Voorhees succeeds Arthur Pryor, veteran American bandmaster, whose cycle illustrating the evolution of band music has been a feature of "Cavalcade" during part of its summer series.

The new cycle will be concerned with the evolution of American orchestral music in its varied forms such as dance music, melodies from musical comedy and operetta, and concert works. The programs will be composed of compositions which stand as milestones in America's musical progress, and brief dramatizations of interesting and little-known episodes behind the music.

Voorhees has had wide experience in varied fields of musical endeavor and was recognized in boyhood as a musical prodigy. After extensive training in

classical music, he joined a musical comedy orchestra as first violinist when just 17. A few weeks later he became musical director for "Broadway Brevities," starring Eddie Cantor and Bert Williams. He conducted for several of George White's "Scandals" and for several editions of Earl Carroll's "Vantages."

He was one of the first conductors to turn to radio and for a time was staff conductor for the Columbia Broadcasting System. His work has run the gamut of musical possibilities, from small dance units to symphony orchestras. Voorhees is an accomplished pianist, violinist and organist.

* * * *

The Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra will be heard in a new series of programs entitled "The Music You Love" over the WABC-Columbia network beginning Sunday, September 13, from 2:00 to 2:45 P.M., EDST. The weekly broadcasts, to be directed by Antonio Modarelli, will include solos by famous guest artists.

Our Radio Dial

Time Indicated Is Eastern Daylight Saving Time

SUNDAY—

- 11:30 AM—Major Bowes Capitol Family (NBC-WEAF)
- 12:00 AM—Salt Lake City Choir and Organ (CBS-WABC)
- 12:30 PM—Radio City Music Hall (NBC-WJZ)
- 2:00 PM—The Magic Key of RCA (NBC-WJZ)
- 2:00 PM—Pittsburgh Symphony Orch. (CBS-WABC)
- 3:00 PM—Everybody's Music — Howard Barlow (CBS-WABC)
- 7:30 PM—Fireside Recitals (NBC-WEAF)
- 8:00 PM—Bowe's Amateur Hour (NBC-WEAF)
- 8:30 PM—Eddie Cantor (CBS-WABC)
- 9:00 PM—Manhattan Merry-Go-Round (NBC-WEAF)
- 9:00 PM—Ford Sunday Evening Hour (CBS-WABC)
- 9:15 PM—Paul Whiteman's Musical Varieties (NBC-WJZ)
- 9:30 PM—American Album of Familiar Music (NBC-WEAF)
- 10:00 PM—General Motors Concert (Beg. Sept. 13) (NBC-WEAF)

MONDAY—

- 2:30 PM—NBC Music Guild (NBC-WJZ)
- 6:05 PM—U. S. Army Band (NBC-WJZ)
- 8:30 PM—Daly's Orchestra with Soloists (NBC-WEAF)
- 9:00 PM—Sinclair Minstrels (NBC-WJZ)
- 9:00 PM—Lux Radio Theatre (CBS-WABC)
- 9:30 PM—Symphonic Strings (MBS-WOR)

TUESDAY—

- 1:45 PM—NBC Music Guild (NBC-WEAF)
- 8:00 PM—Hammerstein's Music Hall (CBS-WABC)
- 9:00 PM—Ben Bernie (NBC-WJZ)
- 9:30 PM—Camel Caravan — Benny Goodman, etc. (CBS-WABC)
- 10:00 PM—NBC String Symphony — Frank Black (NBC-WJZ)
- 10:15 PM—Wallerstein's Sinfonietta (MBS-WOR)

- 11:00 PM—Williard Robinson—Deep River Orch. (CBS-WABC)

WEDNESDAY—

- 2:00 PM—NBC Music Guild (NBC-WEAF)
- 8:30 PM—Burns and Allen (CBS-WABC)
- 8:00 PM—Cavalcade of America (CBS-WABC)
- 9:00 PM—Kostelanetz Orchestra with Soloists (CBS-WABC)
- 9:30 PM—Palmolive Community Sing (CBS-WABC)
- 9:45 PM—Great Lakes Orch. (MBS-WOR)
- 10:00 PM—Your Hit Parade and Sweepstakes (NBC-WEAF-WJZ)

THURSDAY—

- 2:30 PM—NBC Music Guild (NBC-WJZ)
- 4:30 PM—N. Y. Light Opera Co. (NBC-WJZ)
- 7:45 PM—Music Is My Hobby (NBC-WJZ)
- 8:00 PM—Rudy Vallee and Guest Artists (NBC-WEAF)
- 9:00 PM—Maxwell House Show Boat (NBC-WEAF)
- 9:00 PM—Major Bowes Amateur Hour (Beg. Sept. 17) (CBS-WABC)
- 10:00 PM—Kraft Music Hall — Bing Crosby, Jimmy Dorsey, etc. (NBC-WEAF)

FRIDAY—

- 4:30 PM—U. S. Army Band (CBS-WABC)
- 8:00 PM—Cities Service Concert (NBC-WEAF)
- 8:30 PM—Broadway Varieties (CBS-WABC)
- 9:00 PM—Hollywood Hotel (CBS-WABC)
- 10:00 PM—Kostelanetz Orch. with Soloists (CBS-WABC)
- 10:30 PM—Vivian Della Chiesa, soprano (NBC-WJZ)

SATURDAY—

- 11:30 AM—Sonata Series (CBS-WABC)
- 9:00 PM—Bruna Castagna, contralto (CBS-WABC)
- 9:30 PM—The Shell Chateau (NBC-WEAF)
- 9:30 PM—National Barn Dance (NBC-WJZ)
- 10:00 PM—Hit Parade (CBS-WABC)
- 10:15 PM—Great Lakes Band (MBS-WOR)

AN OPEN FORUM ON RADIO

Two Monthly Awards for the Best Answers on —

WHAT DOES RADIO LACK?

WHAT DOES RADIO LACK? **The American Music Lover** is interested in your opinions. We invite you to contribute your criticism of nation-wide programs, and to tell what you think is lacking in their presentation. Every reader of this magazine, who is interested in radio, has some ideas about it. We want those ideas. Every reader knows what he likes and what he dislikes. So let us have your opinions. If they are pertinent and constructive, they are worth publishing.

Since **The American Music Lover** knows a cross-current of public opinion will be of interest not only to the radio companies but also to our readers, we plan to run a monthly forum to be written by the people, for the people.

WHAT DOES RADIO LACK? For the best constructive answer to this question, to be written in the form of an essay from 500 to 1000 words in length, received monthly, we will — until further notice — give a monthly prize of \$7.00 in records, and for the next best, a two years' subscription to **The American Music Lover** or the equivalent in records.

Some Unusual Chamber Music Recordings

issued by The National Gramophonic Society

MATTHEW LOCKE: *String Quartet No. 6*. International String Quartet — One 12 inch record, No. 143. (The only recording of a Locke work.)

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